

Shadow

MAR • 1941

COMICS

10¢



MYSTERY OF THE SEALED BOX

"THE SHADOW" — A 33 Page MYSTERY NOVEL

Also • THE HOODED WASP in THE REALM OF GHOSTS

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

A Chat

A 33-page story of The Shadow—that's the record this month. An entire book-length novel boiled down, through the use of pictures, to 33 pages. This is positive proof of the fact that "a picture is worth a thousand words."

On page 62 we list the newspapers and the radio stations that carry The Shadow story regularly. Don't fail to write your local newspaper if it is not running The Shadow strip every day.

And then, we mustn't forget THE HOODED WASP, the most modern and thrilling adventure strip that we have published. Young Jim Martin will be named in the next issue. Watch for him.

The Editor

In this Issue

THE SHADOW—MYSTERY OF THE SEALED BOX

In a small town, overrun with gangsters, the mayor dies—mysteriously, suspiciously. The only clue to the puzzle surrounding his death is a sealed box, containing a complete record. And that's where The Shadow steps in, to face unheard-of odds and desperate struggles, in order to get that box!

This is one of the finest Shadow stories yet—and we've increased the number of pages all the way up to the incredible total of 33! More pages than any other comic feature in the world—a complete and thrilling story!

THE HOODED WASP

An adventure in the realm of ghosts. Strange mysteries surrounded the old mansion on the hill and they caused people to flee for their lives, but young Jim Martin and the Hooded Wasp start the greatest battle of their career as they enter the realm of ghosts—a typical Hooded Wasp thriller!

NORGIL THE MAGICIAN

In the mystery of the Emperor Maximilian's medal. The medal follows a devious path of crime and intrigue, but Norgil solves it.

PROFESSOR LANE—CRIMINOLOGIST

The keen brain of the eminent scientist, Professor Lane, and the giant physical strength of his assistant, Bill Cachrane, solve the mystery of the sea devil.

CAPTAIN DEATH

Blinded by exploding dynamite, he can still distinguish light and dark, and in this way gets his man.

PROFILE OF A GHOST

A short story by Jack Storm in which a detective watches shadows of death dance on a wall.

NEXT ISSUE MAY

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EXTRA

DAILY MIRROR

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Southbury Tuesday, October 1, 1940

Vol. 22 No. 84

MAYOR DYKEN DIES

Death Ends Long Crusade Against Local Graft Ring

SOUTHBURY, October 1, 1940—Mayor Dyken died last night for many years he conducted an active campaign against crime in Southbury. His efforts to make our fair city a fit place in which to live will be missed very much.

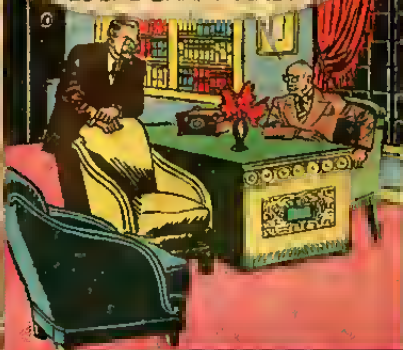


THE MYSTERY OF THE SEALED BOX!



IN THE CITY OF SOUTHBURY, RICHARD WHILTON, RETIRED, BUSINESS MAN, AND JAMES BELVER, LOCAL REFORMER, CONFER AT MIDNIGHT REGARDING THE SEALED BOX

MAYOR DYKEN SENT ME THIS BOX, BEFORE HIS DEATH. ITS CONTENTS WILL EXPOSE THE BRAIN BEHIND THE LOCAL GRAFT RING.

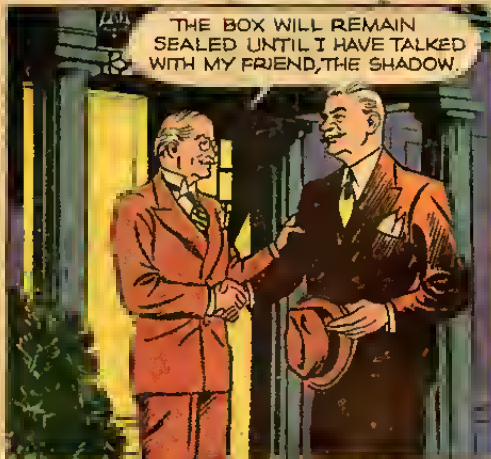


STAMPED WITH THE CITY SEAL! WHO ELSE KNOWS OF THIS BOX, WHILTON?

ONLY MY LAWYER, RUFUS VOSGLE, AND MY DAUGHTER, EUNICE.



THE BOX WILL REMAIN SEALED UNTIL I HAVE TALKED WITH MY FRIEND, THE SHADOW.



WHILTON'S FRIEND, THE SHADOW!



RETURNING TO HIS STUDY...

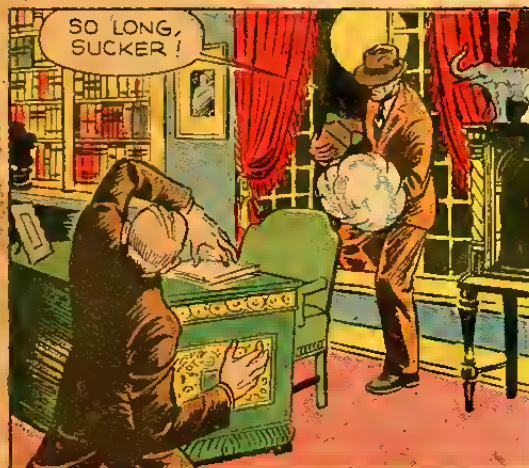
I DON'T REMEMBER LEAVING THE WINDOW OPEN - BETTER CLOSE IT BEFORE EVERYTHING BLOWS AWAY



SAY! I KNOW YOU---

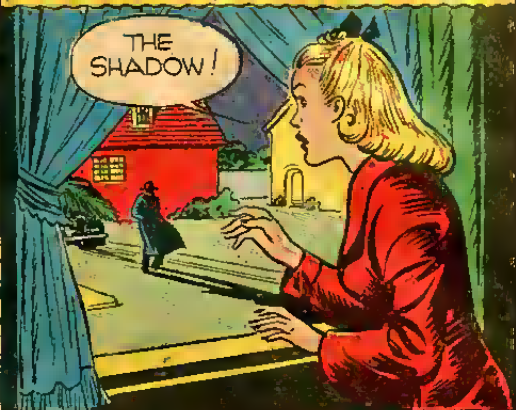
I'M TAKING THE SEALED BOX, WHILTON!



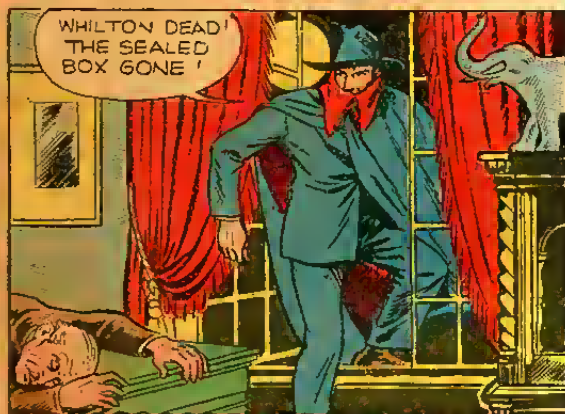


SO LONG,
SUCKER!

UPSTAIRS, EUNICE WHILTON, ROUSED BY THE
SOUND OF A SHOT, SEES APPROACHING,

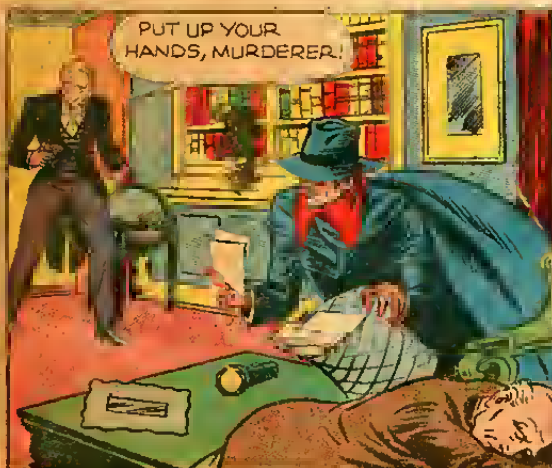
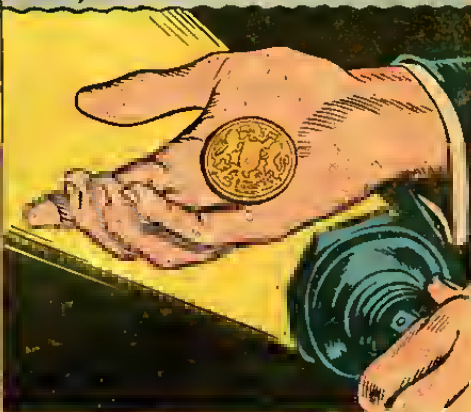


THE
SHADOW!



WHILTON DEAD!
THE SEALED
BOX GONE!

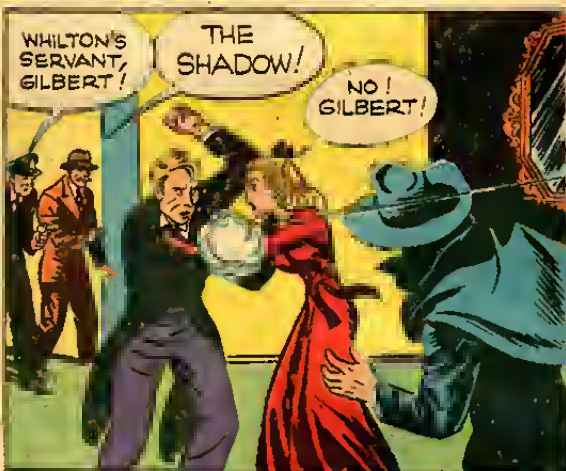
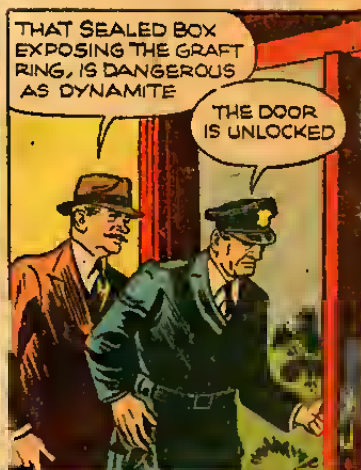
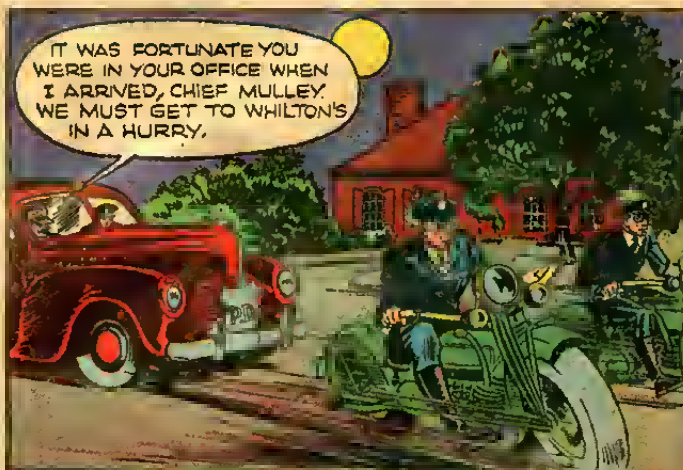
AFTER A RAPID SEARCH OF WHILTON'S
STUDY, THE SHADOW FINDS ONLY ONE CLUE:

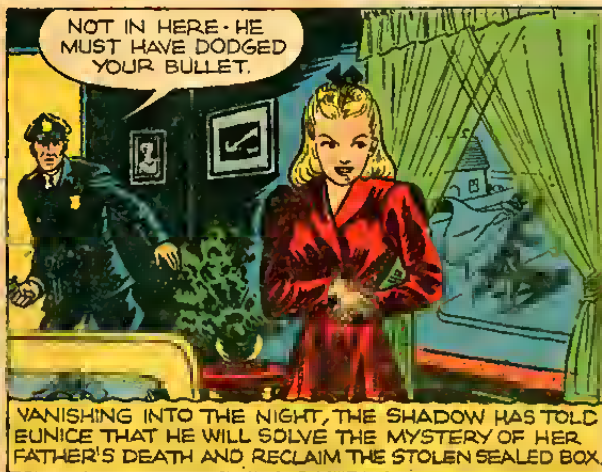
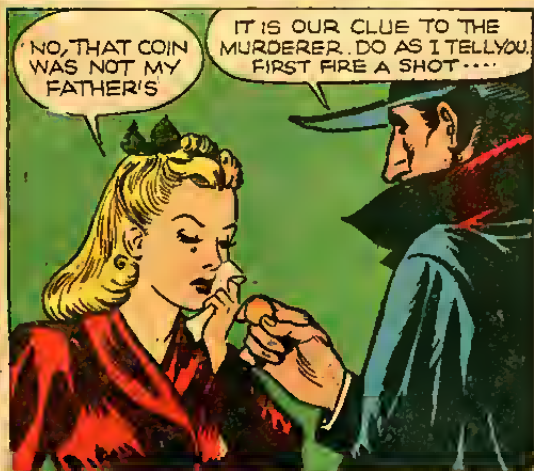
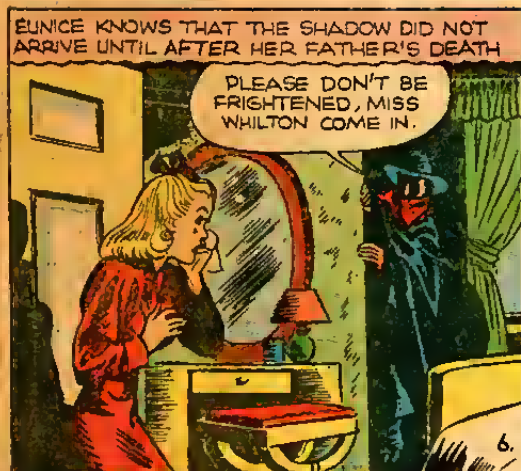


PUT UP YOUR
HANDS, MURDERER!



NO, NO,
GILBERT!





A SEALED BOX, TAKEN BY THE MURDERER OF RICHARD WHILTON, CONTAINS EVIDENCE EXPOSING GRAFT IN SOUTHBURY. MISTAKEN FOR WHILTON'S MURDERER, THE SHADOW DISAPPEARS. NEXT OAY, JAMES BELVER, SOUTHBURY REFORMER, HAS A VISITOR.



LAMONT CRANSTON, ONE OF WHILTON'S NEW YORK FRIENDS. ASK HIM TO COME IN.



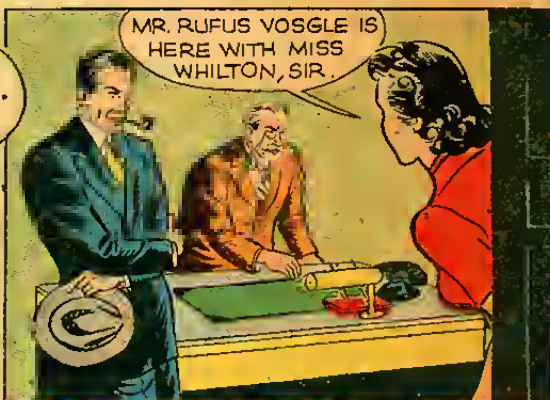
YOU ARE SURE THAT WHILTON WAS KILLED BECAUSE OF THE BOX?

I AM. THAT IS WHY I SUMMONED THE POLICE CHIEF AFTER I LEFT WHILTON'S



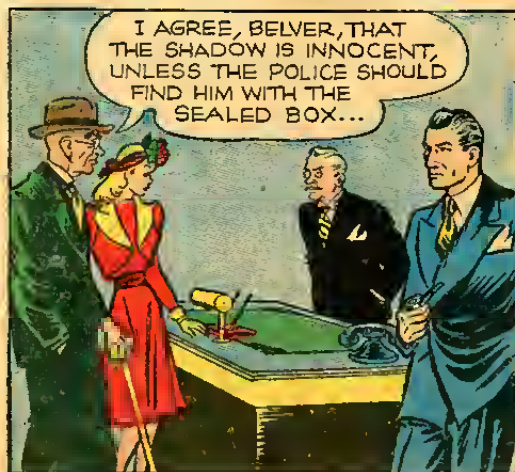
AND THIS PERSON THEY CALL THE SHADOW?

I CONSIDER HIM INNOCENT. WHILTON SAID HE WAS A FRIEND. THE MAN I SUSPECT IS WHILTON'S LAWYER, VOSGLE.

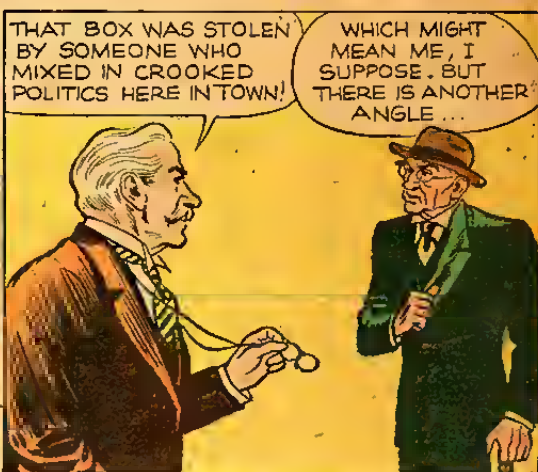


MR. RUFUS VOSGLE IS HERE WITH MISS WHILTON, SIR.

SURPRISED THAT VOSGLE SHOULD BE CALLING ON HIM, JAMES BELVER WOULD BE EVEN MORE AMAZED TO KNOW THAT CRANSTON IS THE SHADOW



I AGREE, BELVER, THAT THE SHADOW IS INNOCENT, UNLESS THE POLICE SHOULD FIND HIM WITH THE SEALED BOX...



THAT BOX WAS STOLEN BY SOMEONE WHO MIXED IN CROOKED POLITICS HERE INTOWN!

WHICH MIGHT MEAN ME, I SUPPOSE. BUT THERE IS ANOTHER ANGLE...

EUNICE, YOUR FATHER'S WILL LEAVES \$50,000 TO YOUR FIANCE, LARRY SHERRIN. ODD THAT LARRY IS OUT OF TOWN.

LARRY WOULD NEVER HAVE KILLED FATHER



I TELL YOU AGAIN, BELVER.

THE COIN THAT THE SHADOW FOUND! HE GAVE IT TO YOU, MR. CRANSTON?

YES. THROUGH IT WE MAY STILL FIND THE MURDERER, BEFORE LARRY RETURNS.



LAMONT CRANSTON, IN REALITY THE SHADOW, HAS THE RARE COIN DROPPED BY THE MURDERER WHO STOLE THE SEALED BOX. READING THE SOUTHBURY NEWSPAPER, THE SHADOW MAKES ANOTHER FIND

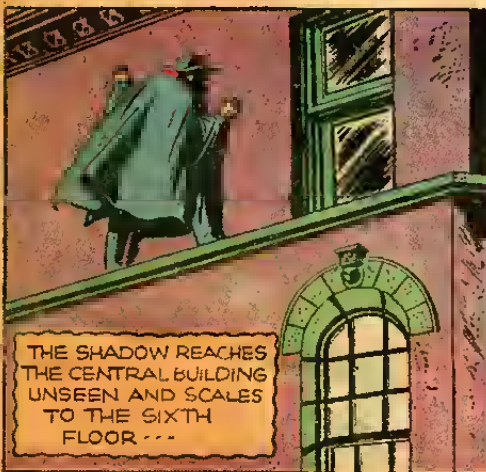
LOST - A SPANISH GOLD COIN, DATED 1824. BRING TO ROOM 604, CENTRAL BLDG. REWARD.



WITH DUSK, LAMONT CRANSTON BECOMES THE SHADOW.

TO THE CENTRAL BUILDING, SHREVEY, AND HURRY IT.

I'LL GET YA THERE IN A JIFFY, BOSS, I'LL GET YA



THE SHADOW REACHES THE CENTRAL BUILDING UNSEEN AND SCALES TO THE SIXTH FLOOR ---



THE SEALED BOX!

SEEKING
THE
MURDERER
WHO LOST
THE RARE
SPANISH
COIN,
THE SHADOW
FINDS,
INSTEAD,
THE SEALED
BOX THAT
THE KILLER
STOLE!



TRAPPED
IN A
TOP STORY
OFFICE
WITH THE
SEALED
BOX,
STOLEN
BY A
MURDERER,
IN HIS
POSSESSION,
THE SHADOW
CAN CLEAR
HIMSELF
ONLY BY
FLIGHT
WITH THE
BOX.





THIS IS THE WAY HE WENT, WE'LL GET HIM BEFORE HE GOES DOWN THROUGH THE DEPARTMENT STORE.

BY LEADING PURSUERS ON A FALSE TRAIL WITH THE LADDER, THE SHADOW LETS THE CHASE GO BY, AND KEEPS THE SEALED BOX.



REVERSING HIS ROUTE TO GO DOWN THROUGH OFFICE 604, THE SHADOW MEETS NEW OPPOSITION. NOT FROM THE POLICE, BUT FROM CROOKS WHO FOLLOWED IN THEIR WAKE!



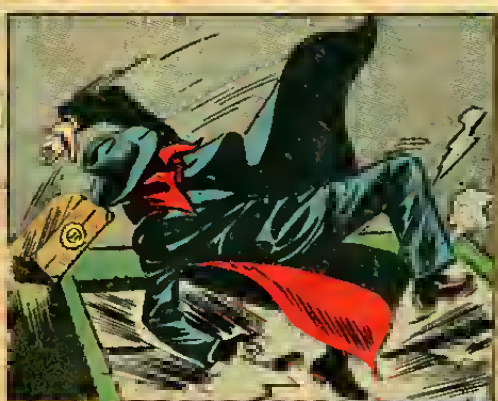
IT'S THE SHADOW! COMIN' BACK!

CROAK HIM AND LET THE COPPERS FIND HIM WITH THE BOX!



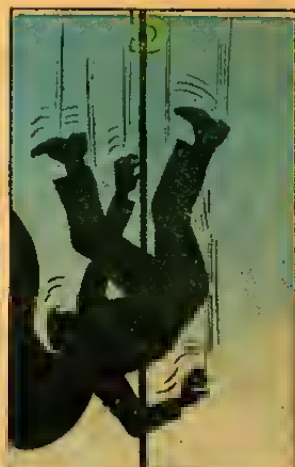
THERE'S THE SHADOW TAKIN' COVER.

YEAH, WHILE THE COPPERS ARE TAKIN' US!



THE SHADOW'S SHELTER BRINGS DISASTER, A SKYLIGHT BREAKS UNDER HIM - HE BEGINS A 60 FOOT PLUNGE DOWN AN ELEVATOR SHAFT!

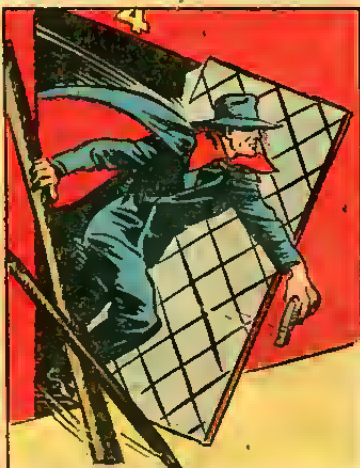
PLUNGING
DOWN A
60 FOOT
ELEVATOR
SHAFT,
THE SHADOW
CLUTCHES
AT THE
STEEL CABLE
BUT HE
SLACKENS
HIS FALL
FOR A FEW
FLOORS
ONLY....



THE FALL IS ENDED BY THE
ELEVATOR COMING UP!



SUSPECTING
THE MAN
IN THE
ELEVATOR
TO BE THE
MURDERER, THE SHADOW
THRUST HIM
THE SEALED
BOX. CAUGHT
WITH THE
EVIDENCE,
THE KILLER
FLED BY
THE THIRD
FLOOR.

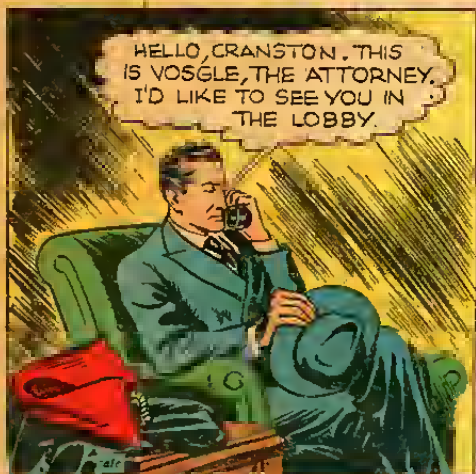




A COUPLE
MORE FOR
THE COL-
LECTION.



DELAYED
TOO LONG
TO OVERTAKE
THE SPEEDY
MASTER
CROOK,
THE SHADOW
MAKES HIS
OWN DE-
PARTURE,
LEAVING
THE FIELD
TO THE
POLICE.



HELLO, CRANSTON. THIS
IS VOSGLE, THE ATTORNEY.
I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU IN
THE LOBBY.



THEY'VE TRAPPED THE
SHADOW. POLICE HAVE HIM
CORNERED ON THE ROOF
BY NOW, PROBABLY

I WONDER...
WELL - HERE'S
BELVER.



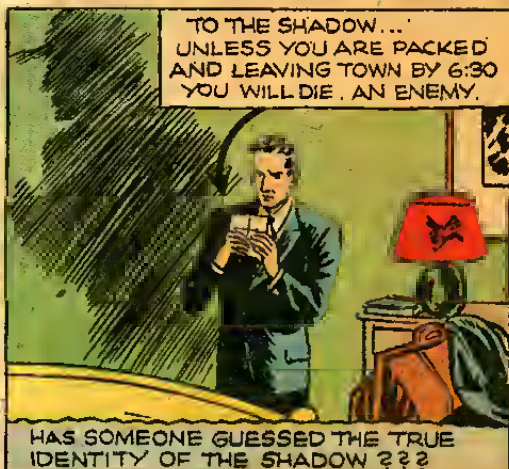
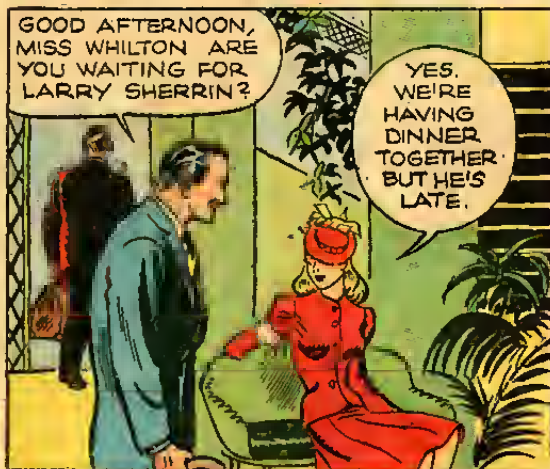
HELLO,
BELVER

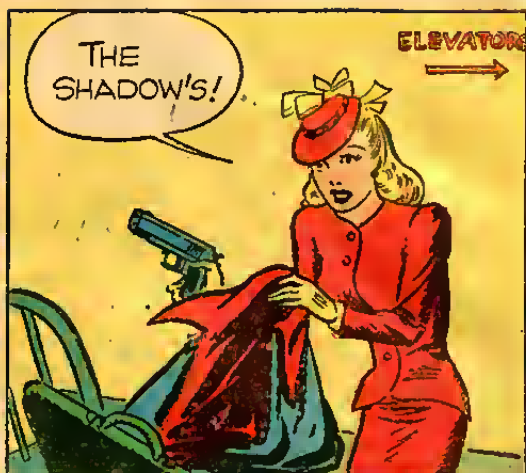
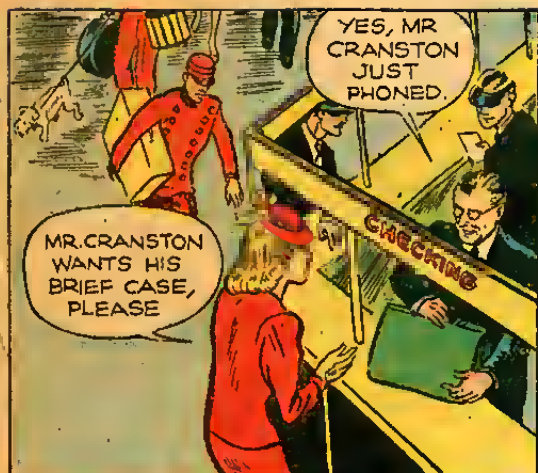
HOW DO YOU DO, GENTLEMEN
- CRANSTON, I'D LIKE YOU TO
MEET LARRY SHERRIN. HE
JUST DROPPED IN AT MY
OFFICE



I JUST CAME IN ON THE
LIMITED, MR. VOSGLE.
SORRY TO HEAR ABOUT
MR. WHILTON.

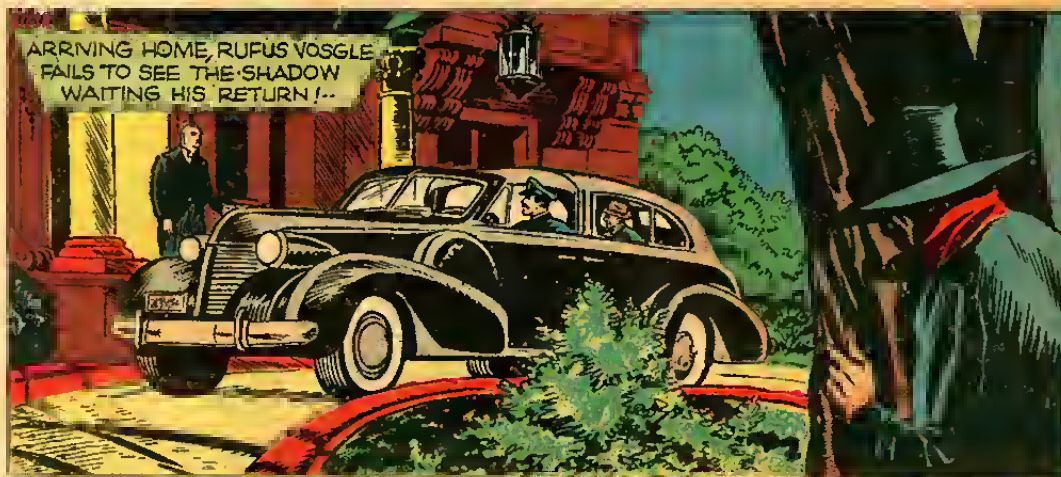
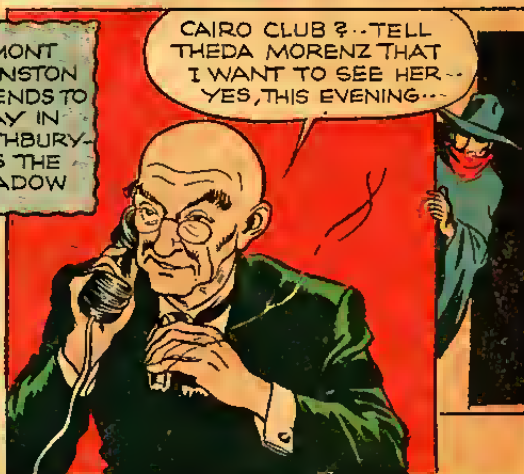
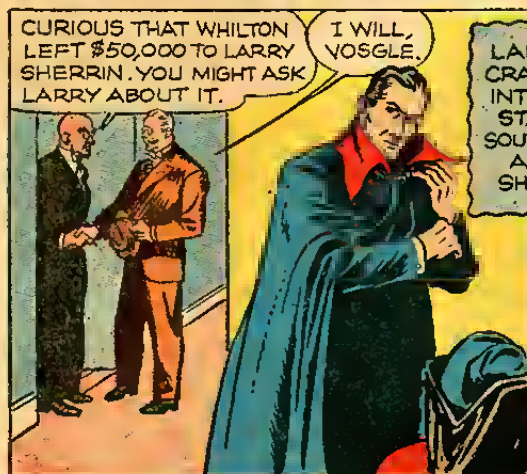
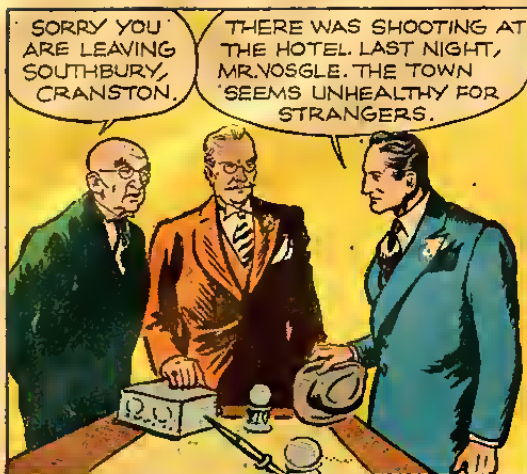
BELVER CLAIMS THAT VOSGLE MURDERED WHILTON.
VOSGLE, THE SHREWD ATTORNEY BLAMES LARRY,
WHICH IS THE CULPRIT? ONLY THE SHADOW KNOWS!





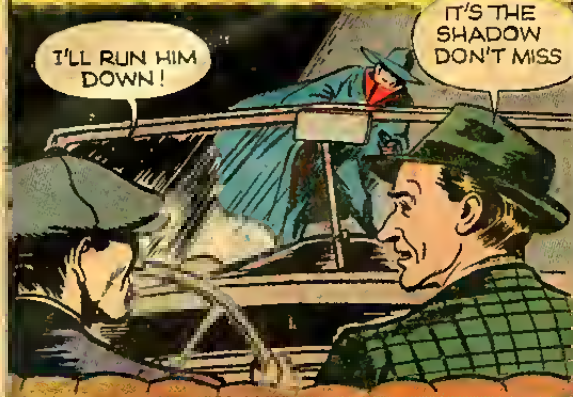
ACROSS THE COURT FROM CRANSTON'S ROOM, A MASKED MURDERER IS WAITING TO DELIVER DEATH. THE MOMENT THE SHADOW SHOWS WEAKNESS, BY OBEYING THE ORDER TO LEAVE SOUTHBURY.







AS THEDA MORENZ AND HER CROWD DRIVE AWAY, THE SHADOW IS CAUGHT IN THE GLOW OF OTHER HEADLIGHTS!



IT'S THE SHADOW DON'T MISS



WHERE IS THEDA MORENZ?

AT THE HIGH SPOT CAFE



FRANKLY, MR. BELVER, I WAS AMAZED TO LEARN THAT MR. WHILTON LEFT ME \$50,000



I WASN'T, LARRY DAD MEANT IT AS A WEDDING GIFT FOR US



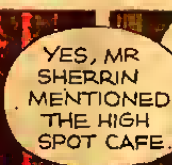
IF LARRY HAD ONLY BEEN HERE THE NIGHT THAT DAD

A TELEPHONE CALL, MR. SHERRIN

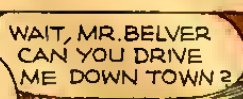
I SHOULD HAVE STAYED HERE, EUNICE



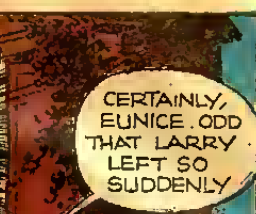
SINCE IT'S IMPORTANT, THEDA, I'LL MEET YOU THERE RIGHT AWAY



YES, MR SHERRIN MENTIONED THE HIGH SPOT CAFE.



WAIT, MR. BELVER CAN YOU DRIVE ME DOWN TOWN?

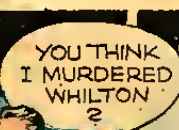


CERTAINLY, EUNICE. ODD THAT LARRY LEFT SO SUDDENLY



AT THE HIGH SPOT CAFE, LARRY SHERRIN HOPES THAT THEDA MORENZ CAN NAME THE MURDERER OF RICHARD WHILTON

YEAH. THAT'S WHAT I ASKED. WHERE'S THE SEALED BOX YOU SWIPED FROM OLD WHILTON.

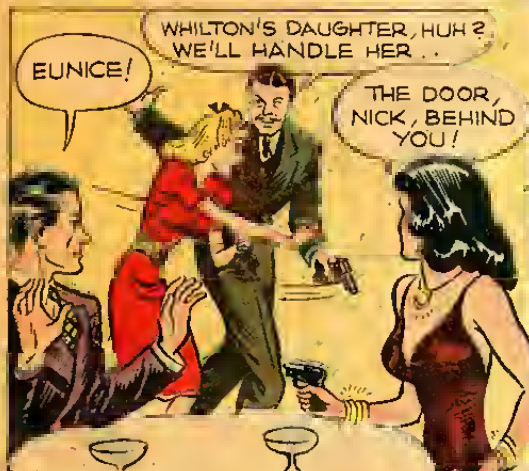


YOU THINK I MURDERED WHILTON?



WE BOTH THINK IT, SHERRIN. I'M NICK KROMER, A GUY WHO CAN MAKE YOU TALK

LOOK OUT!



EUNICE!

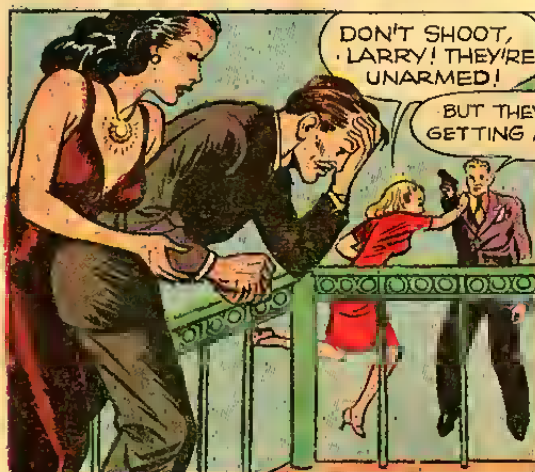
WHILTON'S DAUGHTER, HUH? WE'LL HANDLE HER...

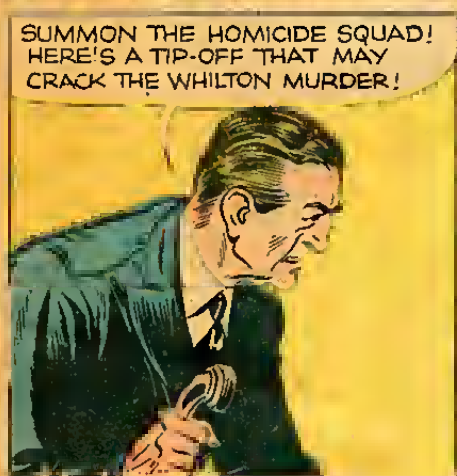
THE DOOR, NICK, BEHIND YOU!

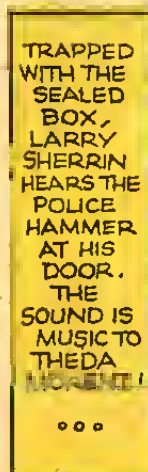


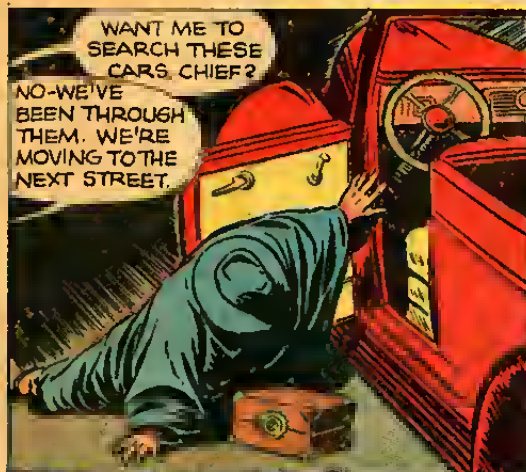
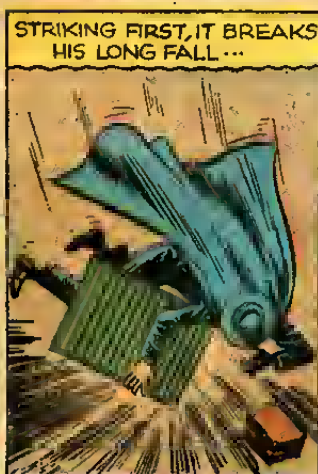
THE SHADOW! WE'VE GOT HIM THIS TRIP, THEDA!

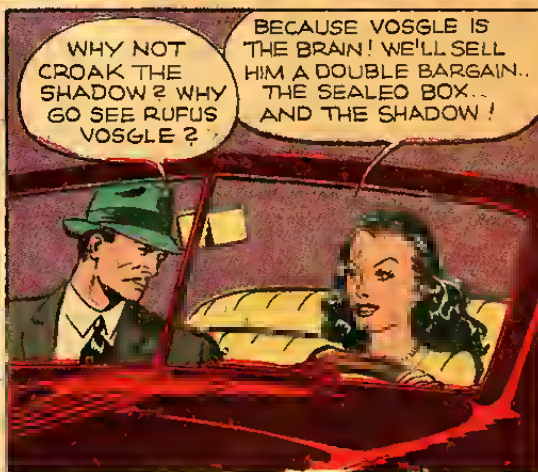
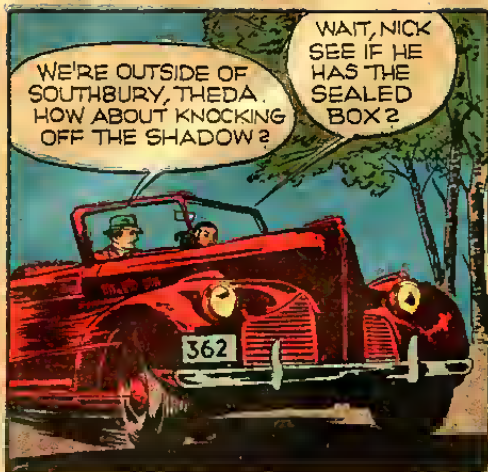
A SURE THING, NICK!

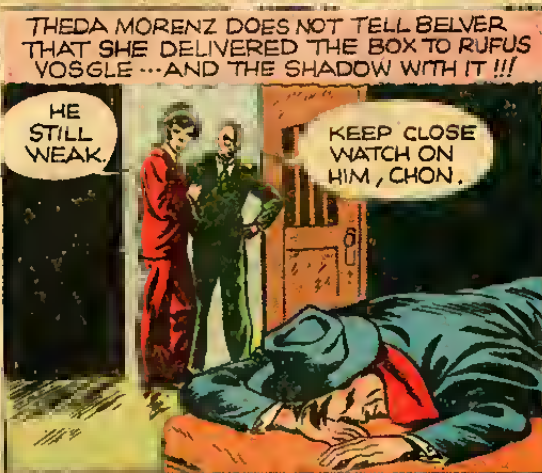
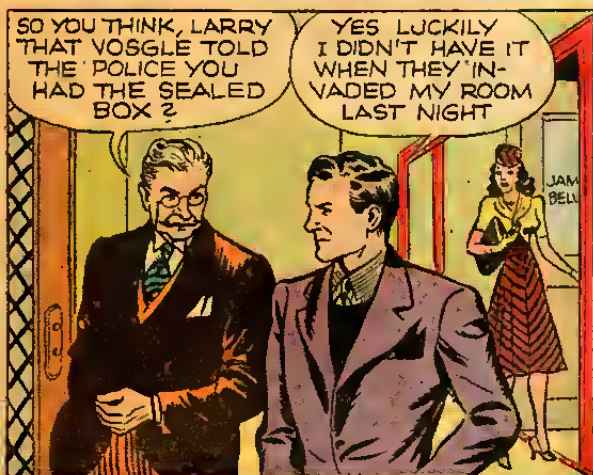
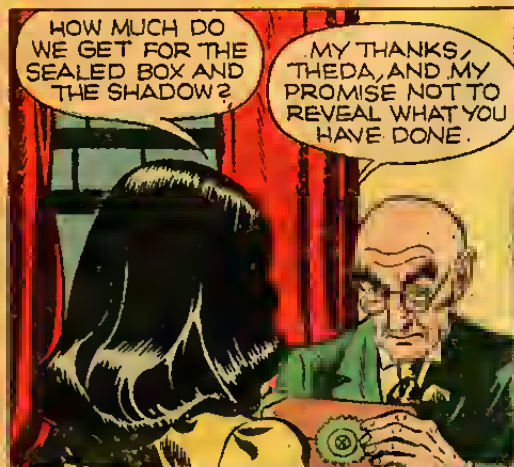












STILL WONDERING ABOUT THE SHAOOW, LARRY CALLS ON EUNICE..

I ONLY THOUGHT THAT THEDA MIGHT KNOW WHO KILLED YOUR FATHER.

ARE YOU SURE, LARRY? I'VE HEARD THAT YOU USED TO SEE THEOA OFTEN.



VOSGLE'S HOUSE THAT'S WHERE THE ANSWER LIES.



IN HIS MANSION, RUFUS VOSGLE GIVES ORDERS TO HIS SERVANTS

TELL ALL CALLERS THAT I HAVE GONE OUT OF TOWN. ONLY CHON IS TO APPROACH THE SHADOW'S CELL.

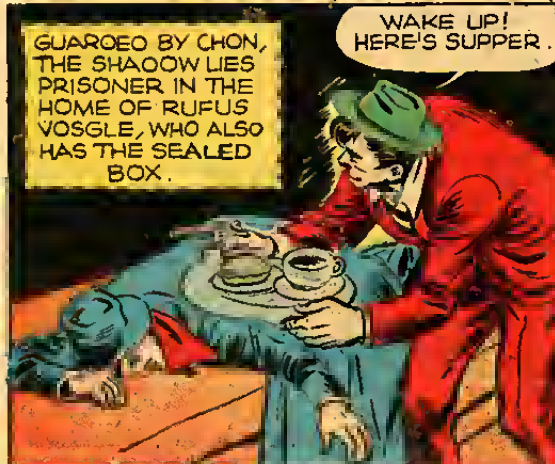


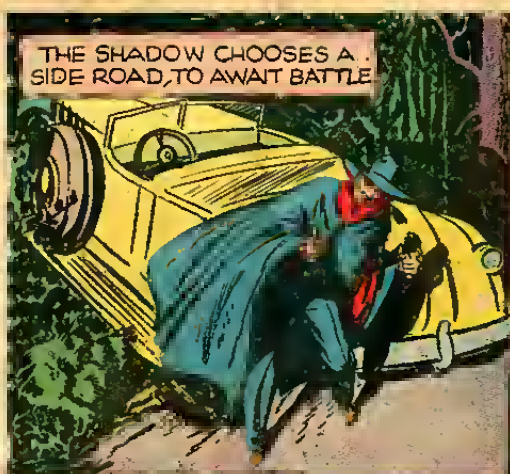
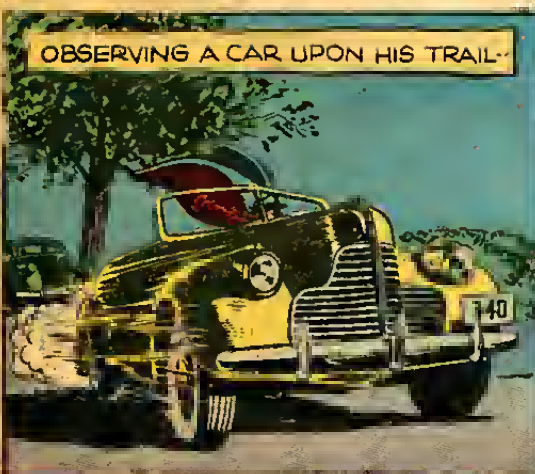
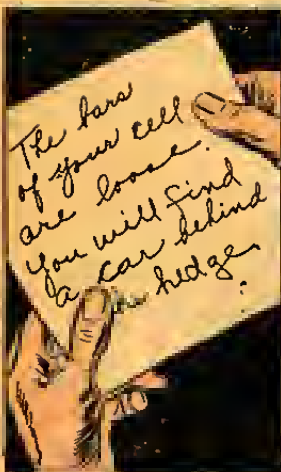
I TAKE DINNER TO SHAOOW, MASTER

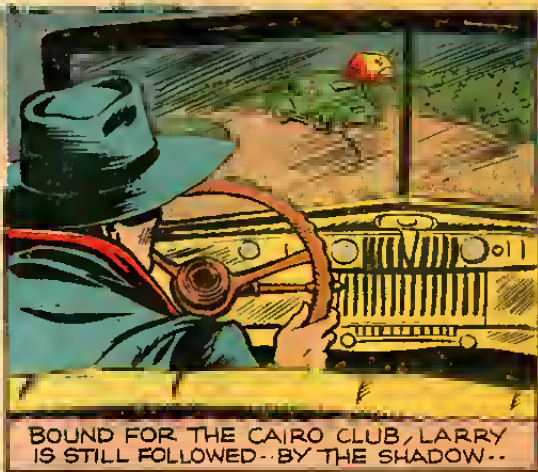


GUARDED BY CHON, THE SHAOOW LIES PRISONER IN THE HOME OF RUFUS VOSGLE, WHO ALSO HAS THE SEALED BOX.

WAKE UP! HERE'S SUPPER.





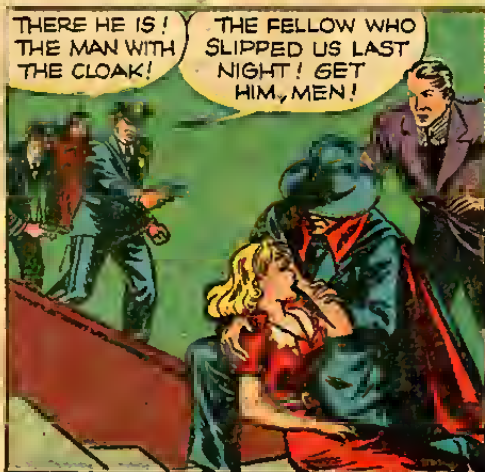






QUICK, CHIEF
MULLEY! SOME
ONE IS STAGING
A KIDNAP!

SHOW HIM
TO US,
MISS MORENZ.



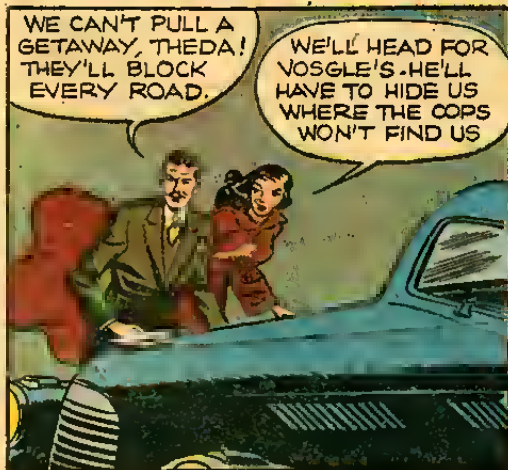
THERE HE IS!
THE MAN WITH
THE CLOAK!

THE FELLOW WHO
SLIPPED US LAST
NIGHT! GET
HIM, MEN!



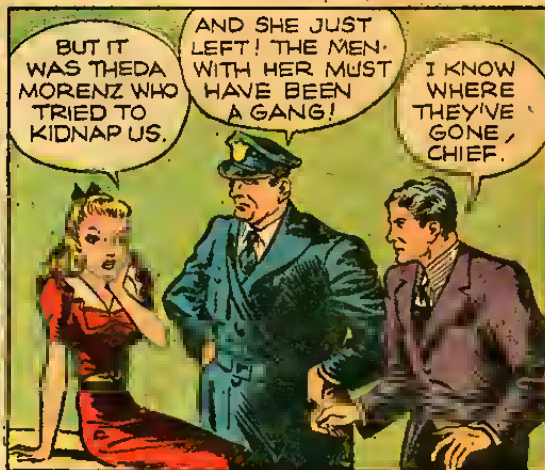
AFTER HIM!
I'LL HANDLE
THINGS HERE.

CLEVERLY
COVERING
THE
CRIME WHICH
SHE
ATTEMPTED
THEDA
MORENZ
FORCES
THE
SHADOW
TO
FLIGHT..
TO AVOID
TROUBLE
WITH
MISTAKEN
POLICE



WE CAN'T PULL A
GETAWAY, THEDA!
THEY'LL BLOCK
EVERY ROAD.

WE'LL HEAD FOR
VOSGLE'S. HE'LL
HAVE TO HIDE US
WHERE THE COPS
WON'T FIND US

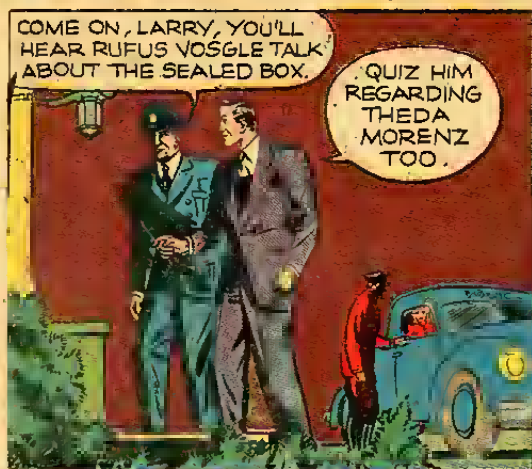
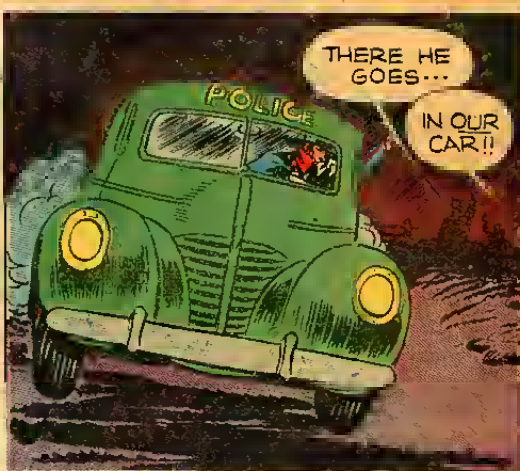
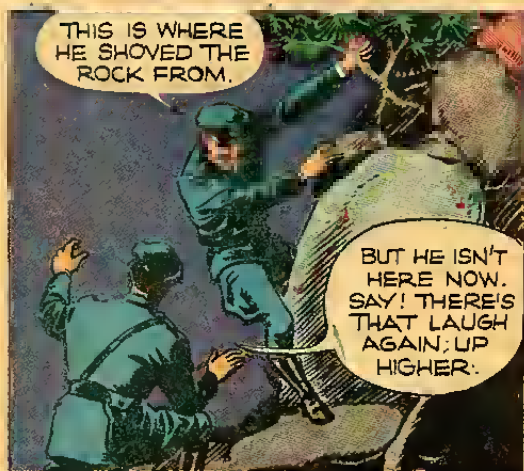


BUT IT
WAS THEDA
MORENZ WHO
TRIED TO
KIDNAP US.

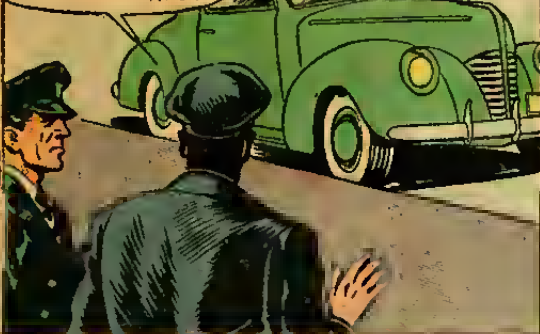
AND SHE JUST
LEFT! THE MEN
WITH HER MUST
HAVE BEEN
A GANG!

I KNOW
WHERE
THEY'VE
GONE,
CHIEF.



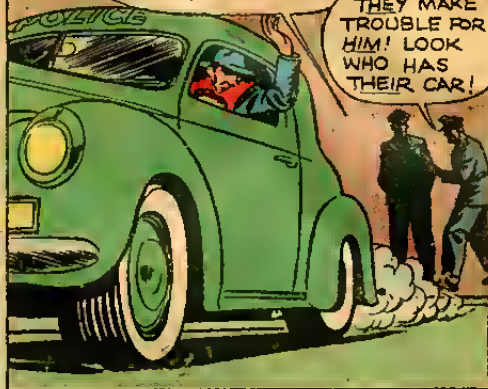


MEANWHILE, A PATROL CAR RETURNS TO THE CAIRO CLUB
HEY- STOP HUNTING FOR THE SHADOW!
IT WAS A MISTAKE.
--SAY-A-Y!!!??



I HOPE THE BOYS
DIDN'T MAKE TROUBLE
FOR THE SHADOW.

THEY MAKE
TROUBLE FOR
HIM! LOOK
WHO HAS
THEIR CAR!

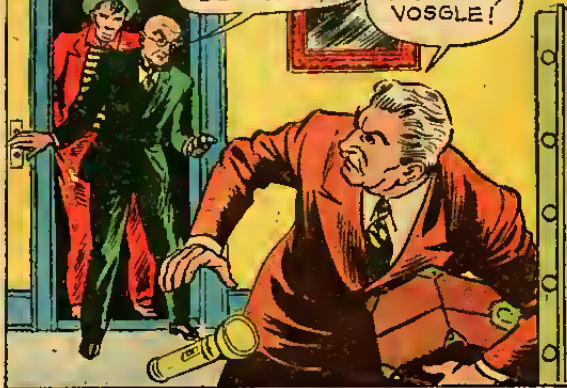


THE QUEST
OF THE
SEALED
BOX
HAS
BROUGHT
AN
INTRUDER
TO THE
HOME OF
RUFUS
VOSGLE.



SO JAMES BELVER, PARAGON
OF REFORM, HAS TURNED
BURGLAR!

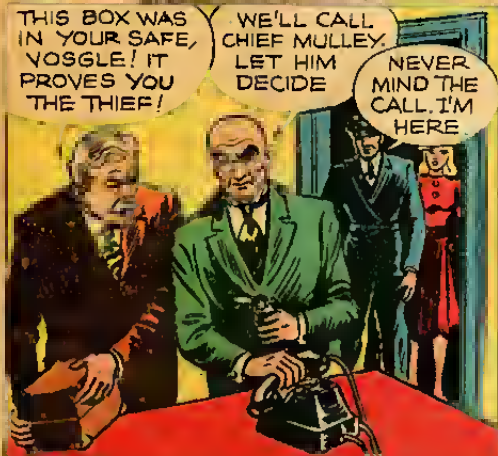
IT'S A LIE,
VOSGLE!



THIS BOX WAS
IN YOUR SAFE,
VOSGLE! IT
PROVES YOU
THE THIEF!

WE'LL CALL
CHIEF MULLEY.
LET HIM
DECIDE

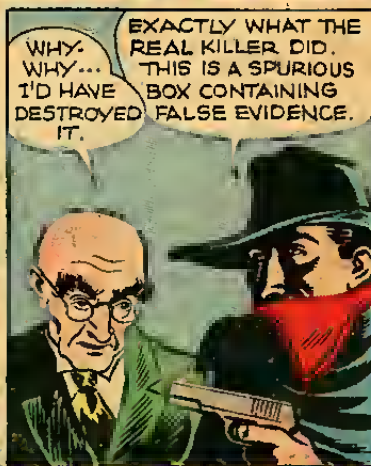
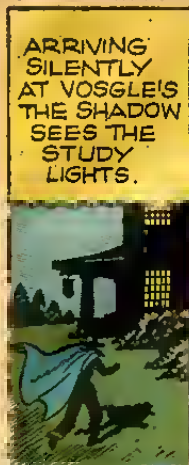
NEVER
MIND THE
CALL. I'M
HERE

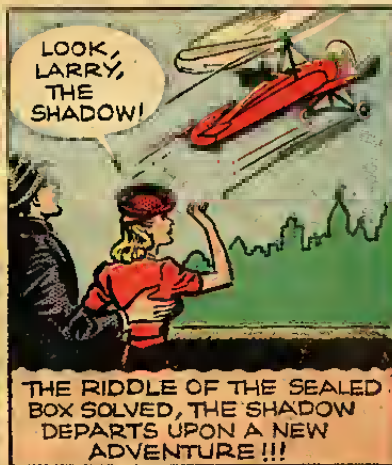
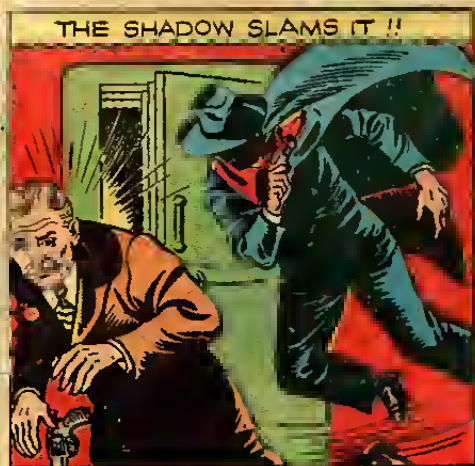
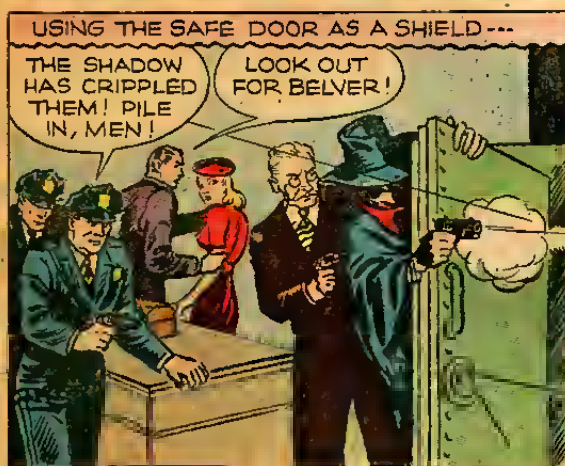
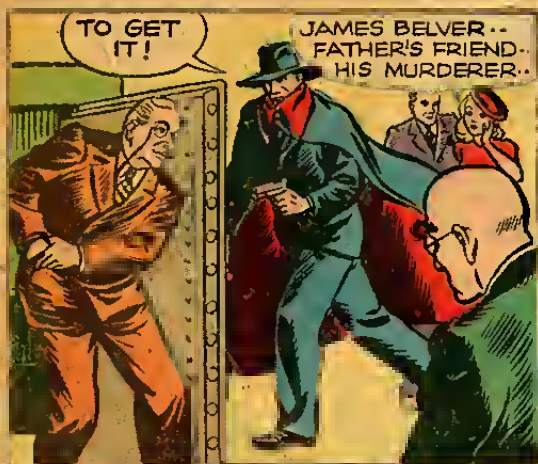


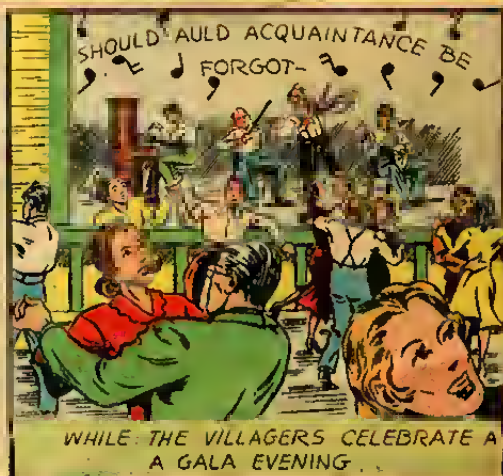
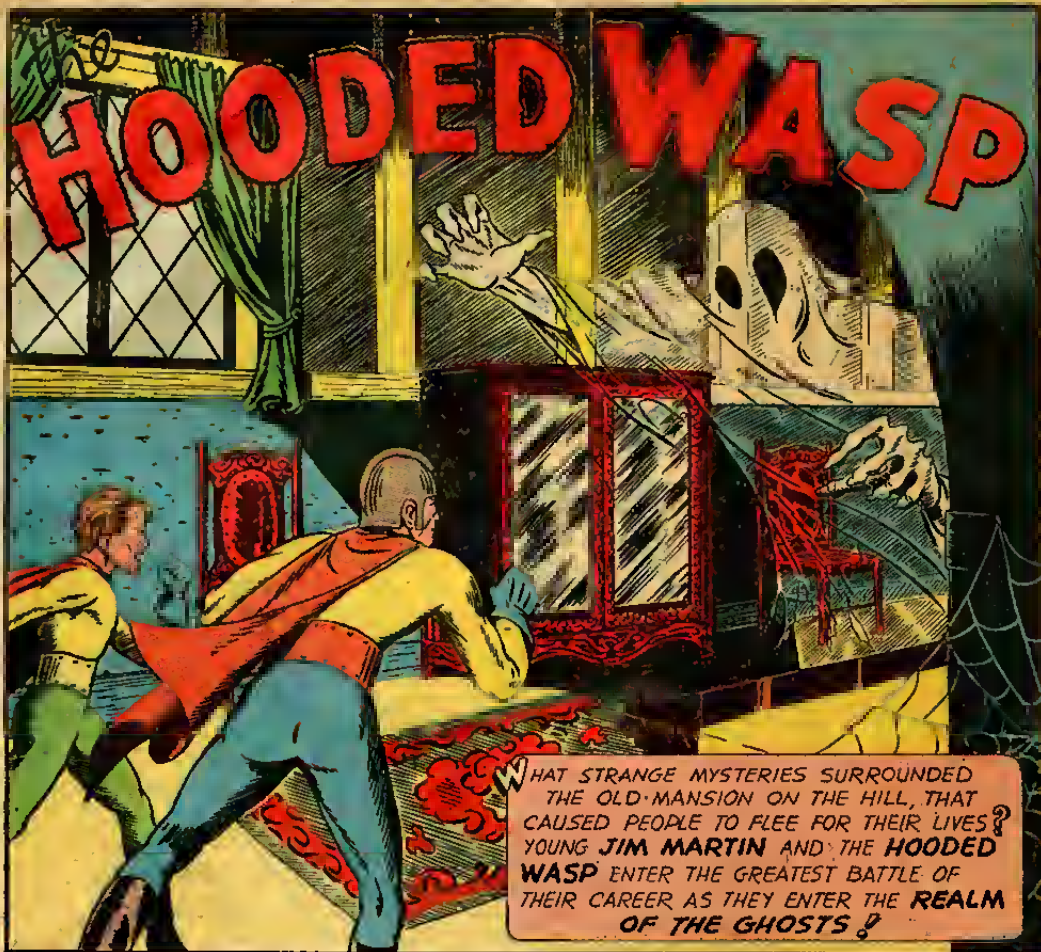
LOOK, THE DA
LIGHT'S
UPSTAIRS.

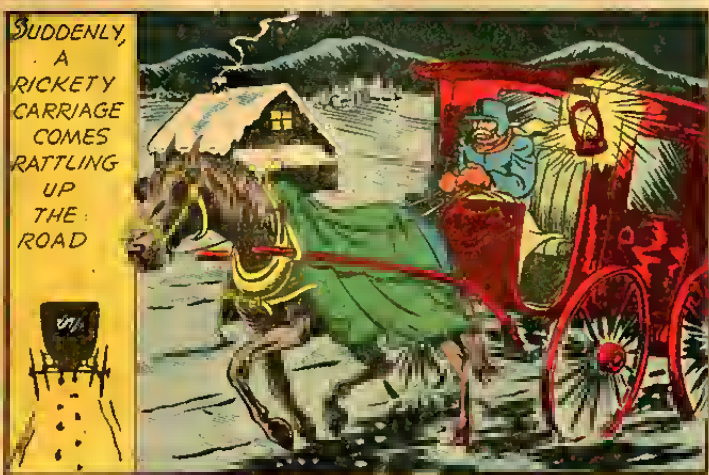
IN VOSGLE'S
STUDY WE'LL
MOVE IN BY THE
FRONT, NICK.

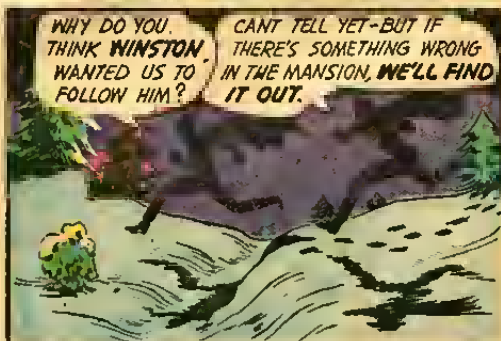












THE WASP AND JIM CANNOT BELIEVE THEIR EYES-ACROSS
THE DARK CHAMBER COMES A SHROUDED, MISTY FIGURE.



OKAY,
MR. GHOST-
HERE I COME.



HMMM- MAYBE
THIS'LL FIX
HIM.



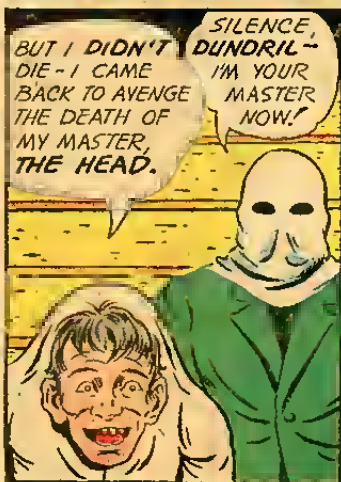
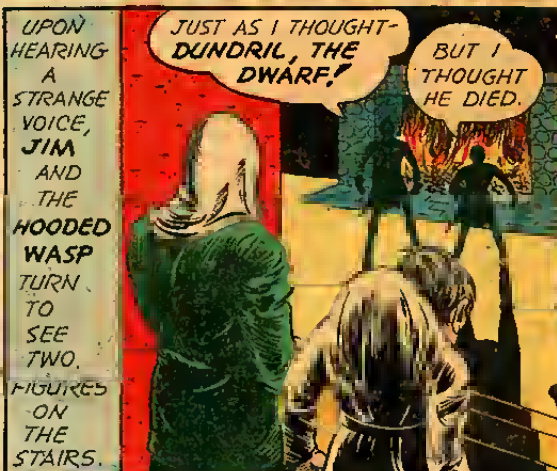
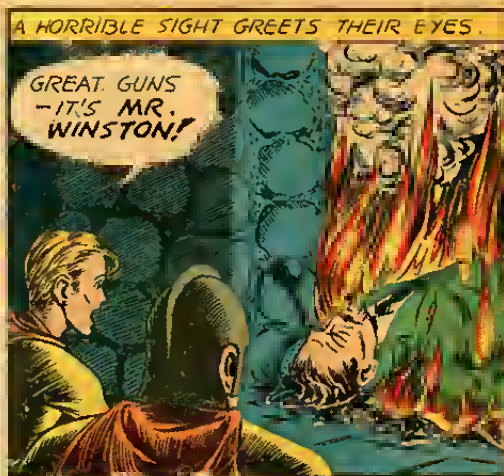
WHAT
IN TH'-

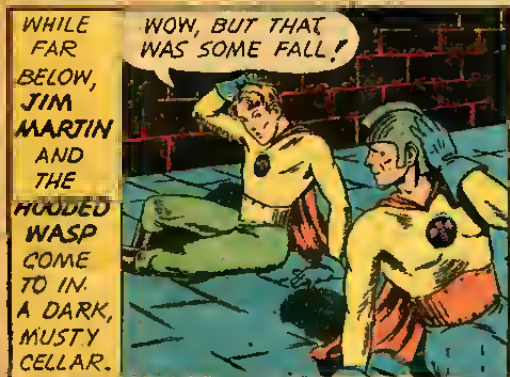
JUST A MINUTE, JIM,
THERE'S SOMETHING
FUNNY ABOUT THIS.



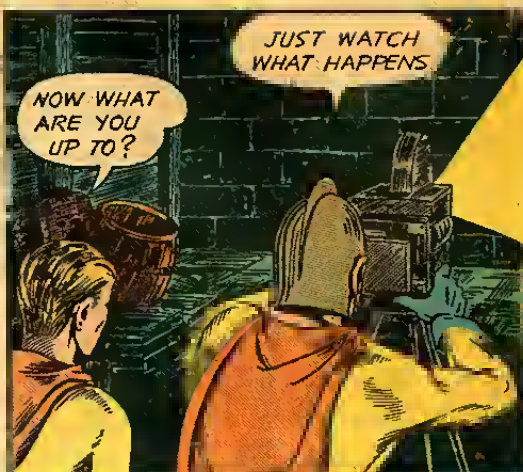
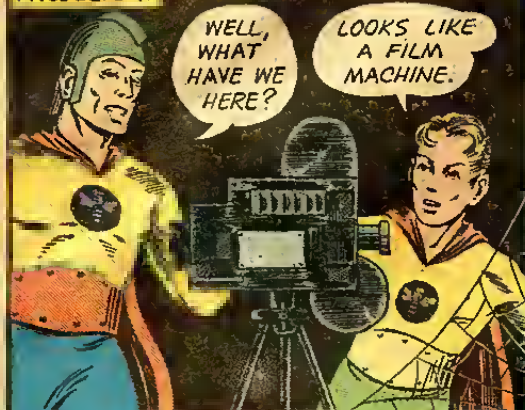
WELL, I'LL BE
RIGHT THROUGH
HIM!



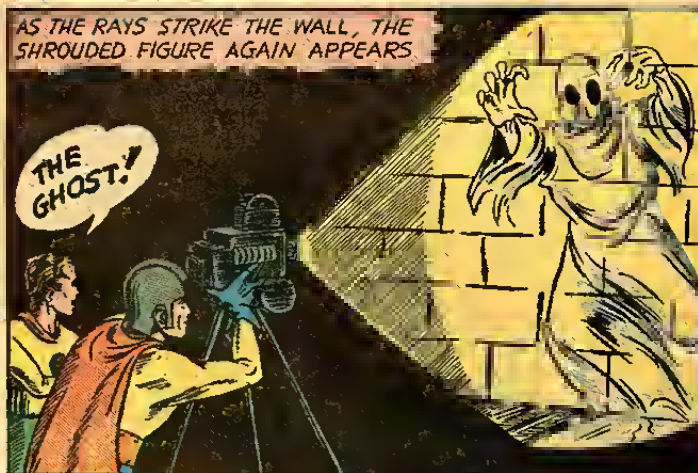




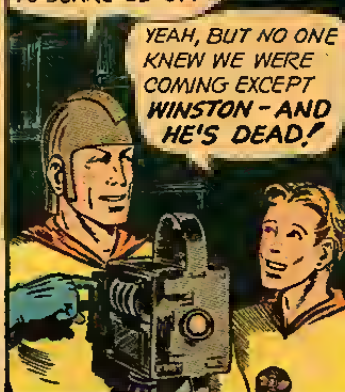
FURTHER SEARCHING REVEALS A HIDDEN PROJECTOR.

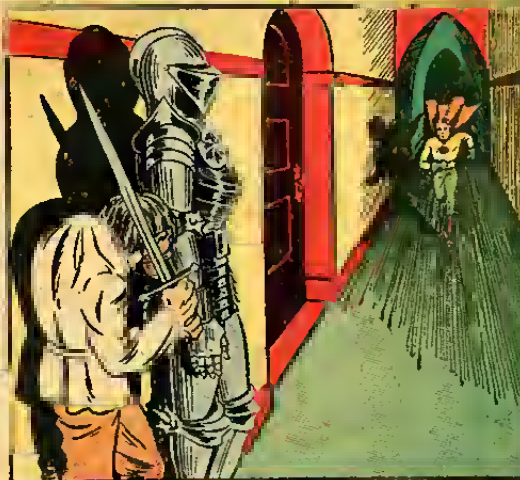
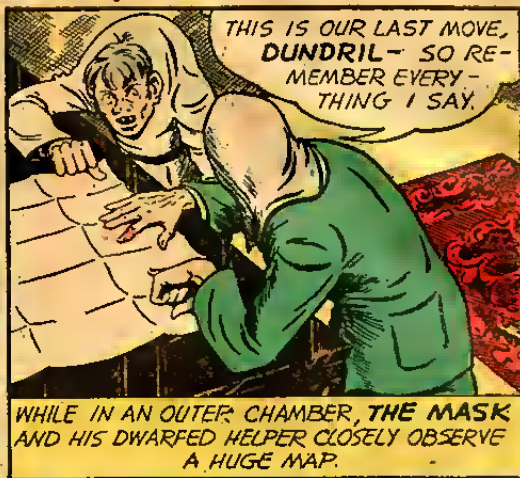


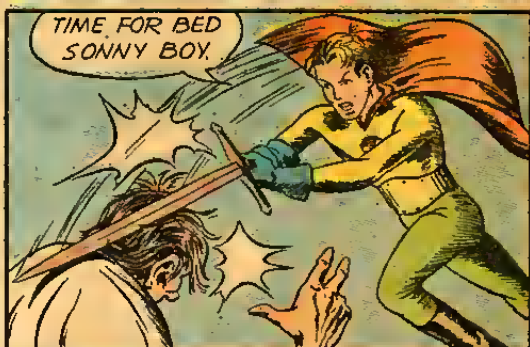
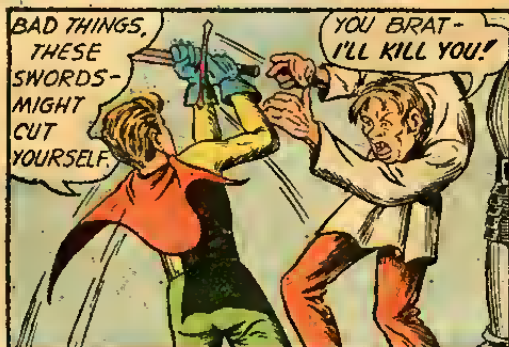
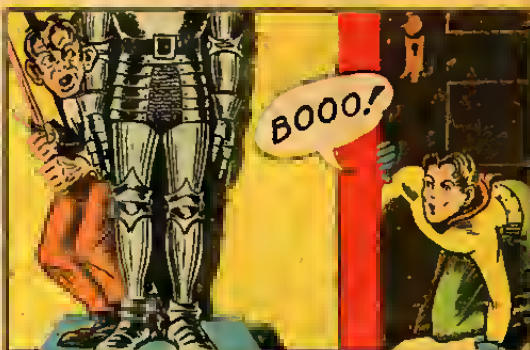
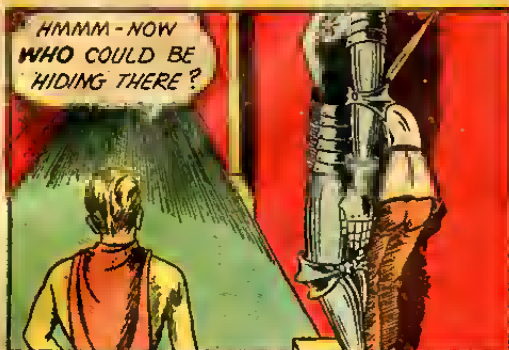
AS THE RAYS STRIKE THE WALL, THE SHROUDED FIGURE AGAIN APPEARS



JUST AS I THOUGHT-SOMEBODY TRYING TO SCARE US OFF









AS THE
MASK
TURNS
TO FLEE
JIM
HITS
HIM
WITH A
FLYING
TACKLE.



ALL RIGHT, MISTER-
NOW WE'LL EVEN
THE SCORE.

ULK!



TCH-TCH-TCH. YOU
MUST'VE BEEN
PEEKING THROUGH
A KEYHOLE.

SORTA FEELS
THAT WAY



NOW WE'LL SEE
WHO'S UNDER
THIS MASK.



WOW-
ANOTHER
GHOST!



THIS IS
A SURPRISE,
WINSTON-TELL US
ALL ABOUT IT.

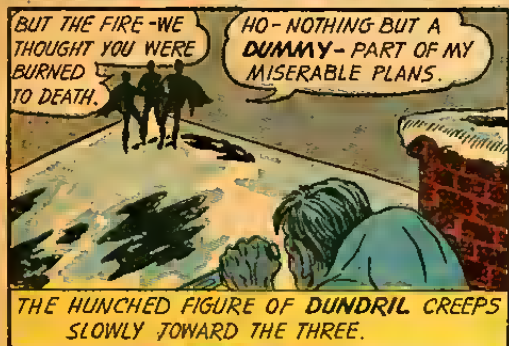
MR.
WINSTON!



THE MASK PROVES TO BE THE SUPPOSED-
LY DEAD WINSTON.

I KNEW DUNDRIL HATED YOU
TWO, SO I HIRED HIM TO WORK
FOR ME. I TOLD YOU TO FOLLOW
ME HERE- THEN I
EXPECTED TO
MURDER THE
BOTH OF YOU.



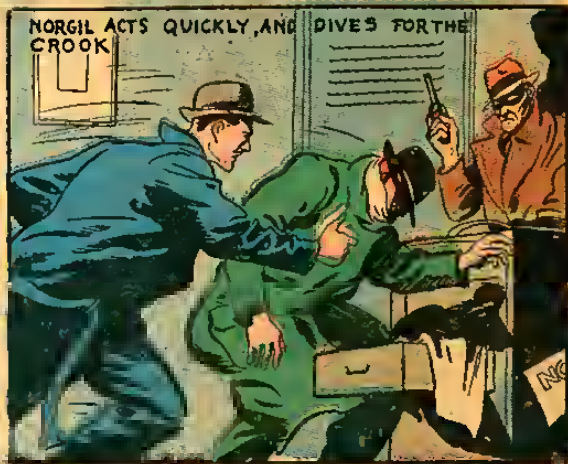
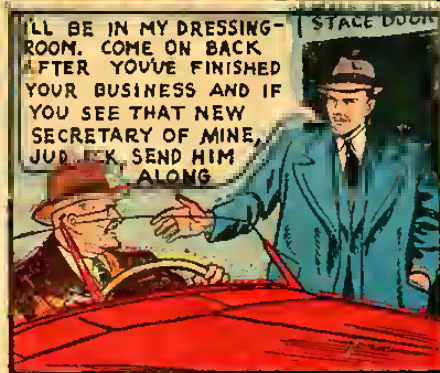
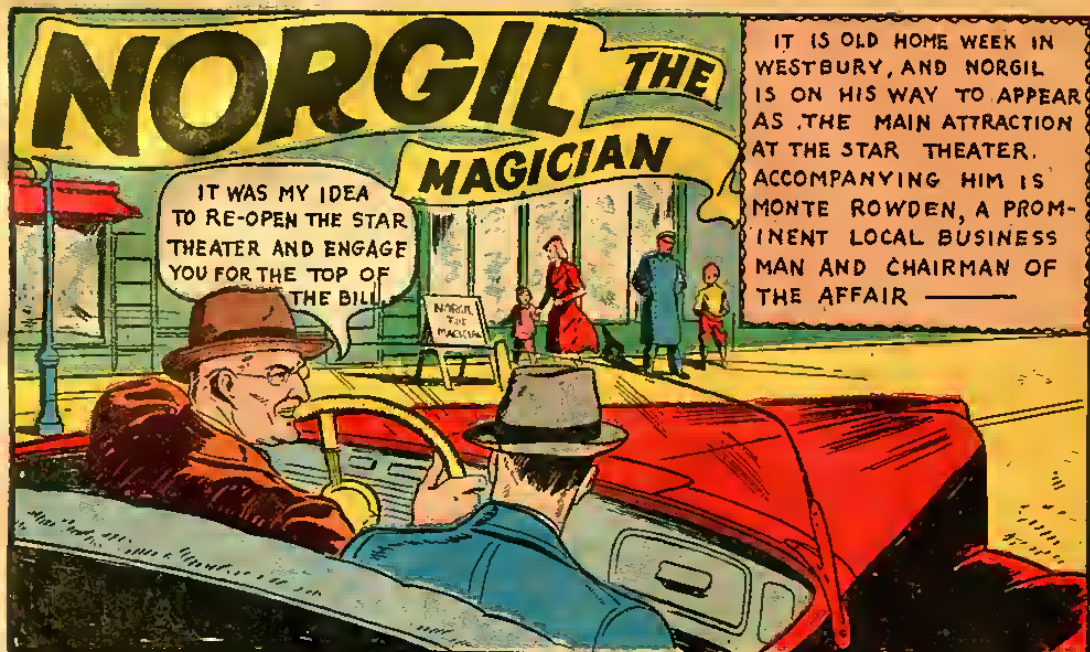


JIM AND THE HOODED WASP WILL BE BACK WITH MORE THRILLS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF SHADOW COMICS.

DEAR SHADOW READERS:

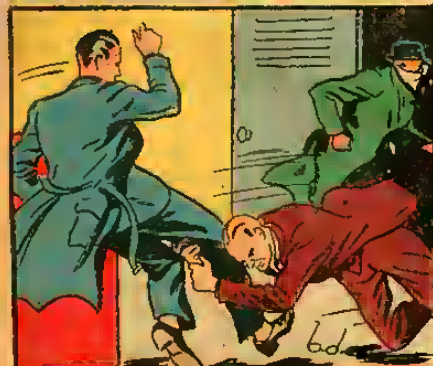
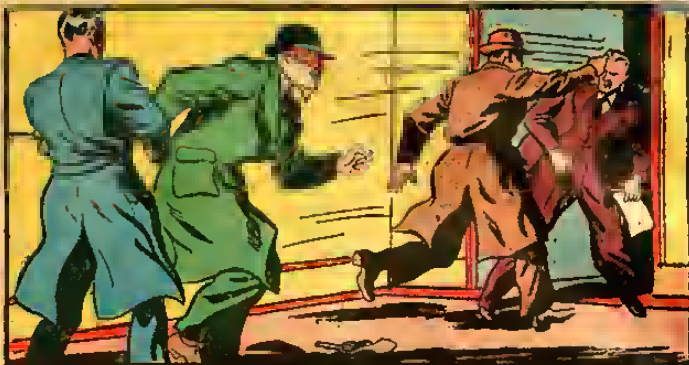
SO MANY THOUSANDS OF NAMES FOR JIM MARTIN HAVE BEEN RECEIVED THAT WE ARE HAVING A VERY DIFFICULT TIME PICKING THE RIGHT ONE. WE HOPED TO BE ABLE TO PRINT THE NAME CHOSEN IN THIS ISSUE, BUT WE WILL HAVE TO LET IT GO FOR ONE MORE MONTH. THE PRIZES, HOWEVER, WILL BE AWARDED THIS MONTH.

THE EDITOR



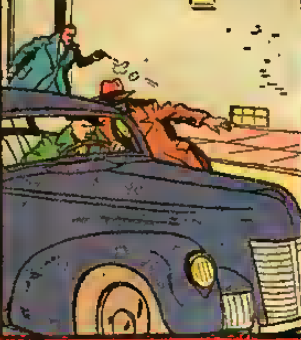


GRAB HIM, JUDRECK!



JUDRECK MAKES AN ATTEMPT TO TACKLE THE ESCAPING CROOKS, BUT ACCIDENTALLY TRIPS NORGIL.

BY THE TIME NORGIL IS UP THE CROOKS MAKE A GET AWAY IN A WAITING CAR.



SORRY BOYS, BUT I'VE NOTHING TO SAY.

GIVE, NORGIL, GIVE!

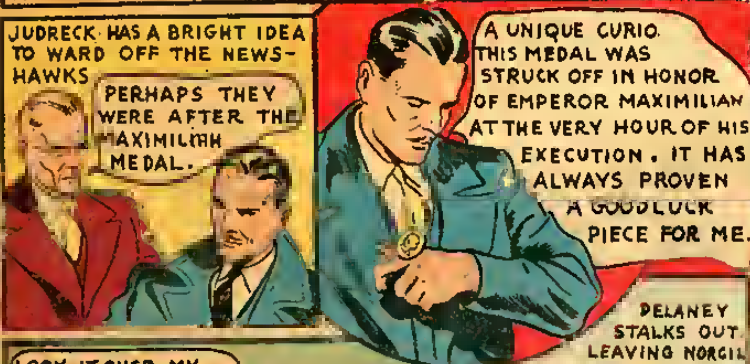
WHAT HAD THEY EXPECTED TO FIND?



NORGIL RETURNS TO FIND HIS ROOM THRONGED WITH NEWSPAPER REPORTERS.

JUDRECK HAS A BRIGHT IDEA TO WARD OFF THE NEWS-HAWKS.

PERHAPS THEY WERE AFTER THE MAXIMILIAN MEDAL.



A UNIQUE CURIO. THIS MEDAL WAS STRUCK OFF IN HONOR OF EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN AT THE VERY HOUR OF HIS EXECUTION. IT HAS ALWAYS PROVEN A GOODLUCK PIECE FOR ME.

LOOK IT OVER. MY STORY STILL STANDS.

BRING IT ALONG AND YOUR GUN TOO. WE'LL SHOW THEM TO THE CHIEF. YOU'LL NEED A LICENSE FOR THAT GUN YOU USE.



DELANEY STALKS OUT, LEAVING NORGIL TO SEE TO HIS MAIL.



AND IT'S PRETTY THIN BALONEY.

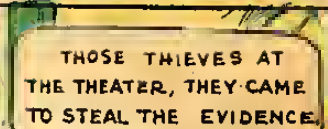
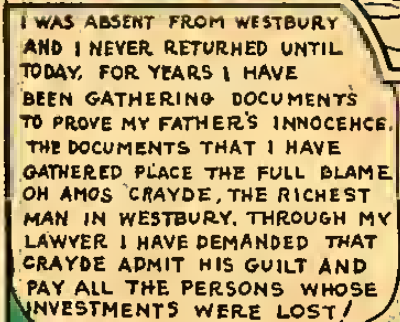
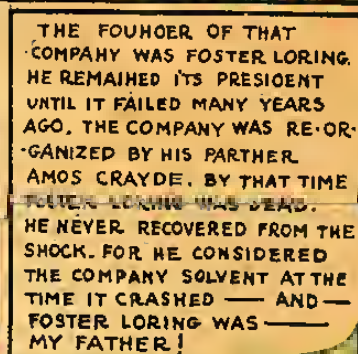
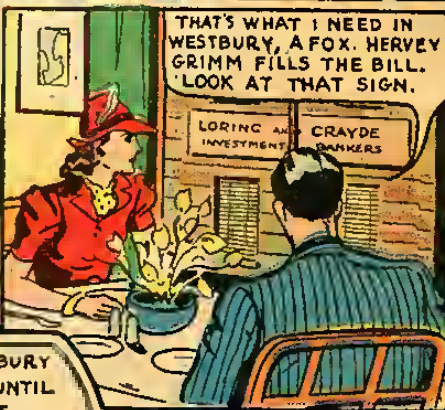
THIS IS DETECTIVE DELANEY. I'VE BEEN TELLING HIM ABOUT THE CASE.



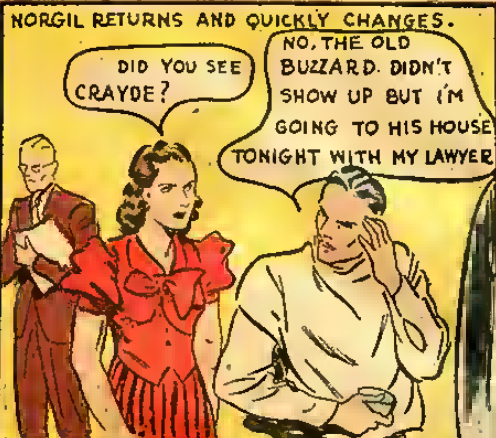
NORGIL GLANCES ROUND AND SEES MIRIAM - HIS MOST TRUSTED ASSISTANT.

TELL ME, WHY DID THOSE CROOKS COME HERE? I DON'T BELIEVE THE MEDAL STORY. IT WAS SOMETHING ELSE.

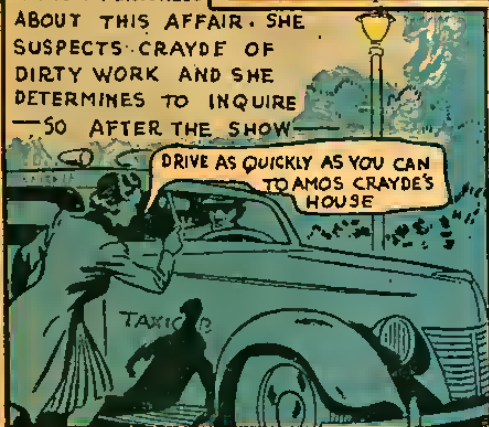




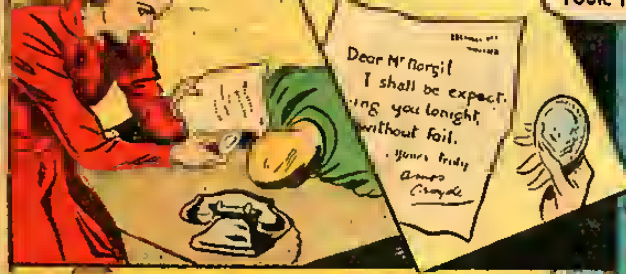
IT IS FIFTEEN MINUTES TO SHOW TIME AND MIRIAM IS WORRIED ABOUT NORGIL. HE HASN'T TURNED UP FOR THE SHOW



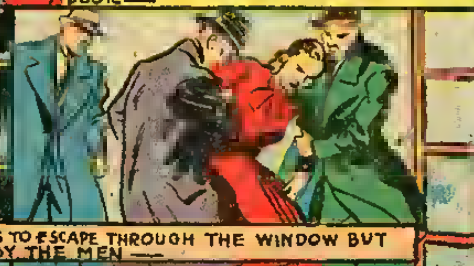
MIRIAM IS GETTING RATHER PERTURBED ABOUT THIS AFFAIR. SHE SUSPECTS CRAYDE OF DIRTY WORK AND SHE DETERMINES TO INQUIRE



OVERCOMING HER TERROR, SHE APPROACHES THE DEAD BODY. AND HER EYES ARE RIVETED TO TWO OBJECTS SHE PICKS UP NEAR THE DEAD CRAYDE



HULLO, IS- THAT NORGIL? AMOS CRAYDE HAS BEEN MURDERED AND WHOEVER DID IT HAS FRAMED YOU. I FOUND YOUR MAXIMILIEN MEDAL AND A LETTER TO YOU



MIRIAM ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE THROUGH THE WINDOW BUT SHE IS HELD BY THE MEN

MEANWHILE DELANEY WHO HAS BEEN ON GUARD AT THE THEATER AND HAS BEEN WATCHING THE EVENING SHOW WITH NORGIL'S SECRETARY. JUDRECK HAS BEEN INFORMED OF THE MURDER.



THIS IS WHERE I DON'T MAKE A MISTAKE

YOU'RE WANTED FOR MURDER, NORGIL

DON'T BE RIDICULOUS



I'VE LISTENED TO TOO MUCH OF YOUR HOKUM, FROM NOW ON I DO THE TALKING UNTIL I GET YOU TO HEADQUARTERS



LOOK HERE, DELANEY, IF YOU'LL ONLY LISTEN TO WHAT I HAVE TO SAY

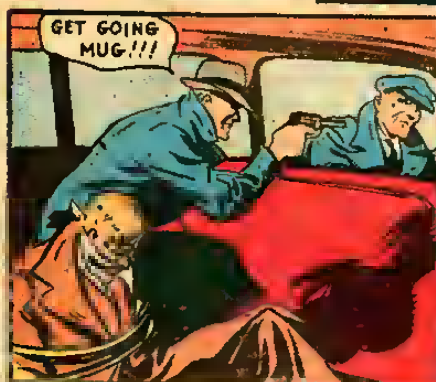
NORGIL WITH LIGHTNING QUICKNESS TAKES DELANEY BY SURPRISE



DRIVE TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS



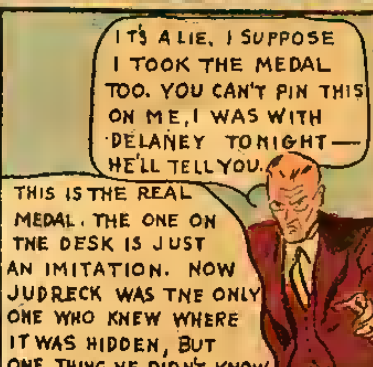
— AND PUTS HIM OUT OF MISCHIEF BY SECURELY TRUSSING HIM UP.



GET GOING MUG!!!



NORGIL TAKES OVER THE CAR AND DRIVES TO CRAYDE'S HOUSE



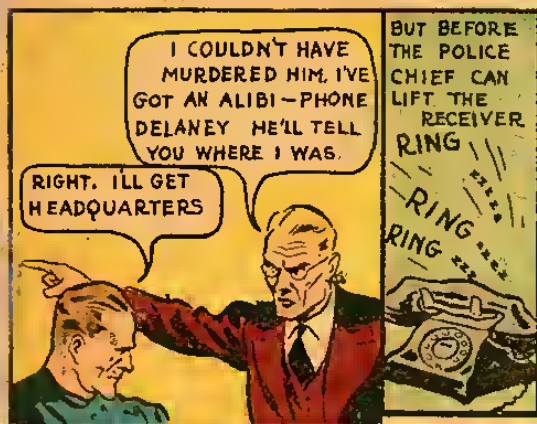
IT'S A LIE, I SUPPOSE I TOOK THE MEDAL TOO. YOU CAN'T PIN THIS ON ME, I WAS WITH DELANEY TONIGHT— HE'LL TELL YOU.

THIS IS THE REAL MEDAL. THE ONE ON THE DESK IS JUST AN IMITATION. NOW JUDRECK WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO KNEW WHERE IT WAS HIDDEN, BUT ONE THING HE DIDN'T KNOW THAT THERE WAS A DUPLICATE.



DON'T ALARM YOURSELVES, GENTLEMEN, I DIDN'T MURDER CRAYDE — THERE'S THE MAN! ACCUSE—JUDRECK!!!





I COULDN'T HAVE MURDERED HIM, I'VE GOT AN ALIBI—PHONE DELANEY HE'LL TELL YOU WHERE I WAS.

RIGHT. I'LL GET HEADQUARTERS

BUT BEFORE THE POLICE CHIEF CAN LIFT THE RECEIVER RING

RING RING



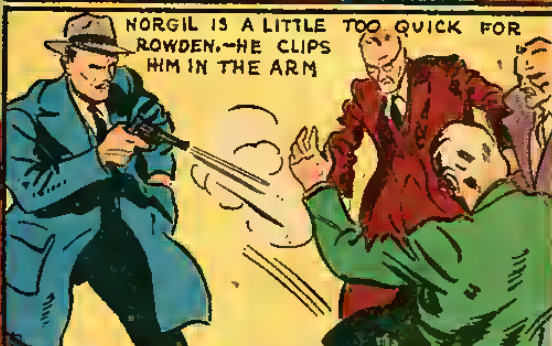
HULLO, CARTWRIGHT HERE—WHAT!!! DELANEY !!—WHERE!!!

DELANEY'S BEEN ATTACHED !! SOMEONE SHOT HIM IN A TAXI! THE DRIVER ESCAPED THEN PHONED HEADQUARTERS.!!!

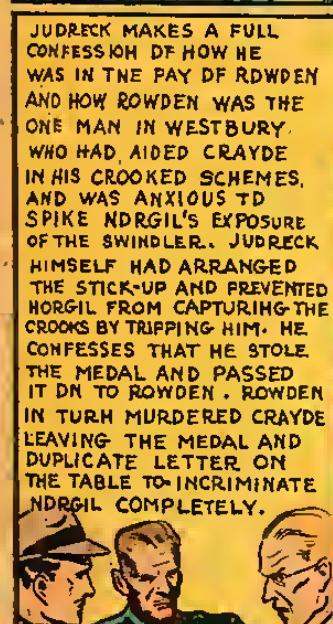


JUDRECK FEELS HE IS TRAPPED — HE TURNS ON MONTE ROWDEN

YOU KILLED DELANEY LIKE YOU DID CRAYDE. SO YOU COULD KILL MY ALIBI ALONG WITH HIM !!!



MORGIL IS A LITTLE TOO QUICK FOR ROWDEN.—HE CLIPS HIM IN THE ARM



JUDRECK MAKES A FULL CONFESSION OF HOW HE WAS IN THE PAY OF ROWDEN AND HOW ROWDEN WAS THE ONE MAN IN WESTBURY WHO HAD AIDED CRAYDE IN HIS CROOKED SCHEMES, AND WAS ANXIOUS TO SPIKE MORGIL'S EXPOSURE OF THE SWINDLER. JUDRECK HIMSELF HAD ARRANGED THE STICK-UP AND PREVENTED MORGIL FROM CAPTURING THE CROOKS BY TRIPPING HIM. HE CONFESSES THAT HE STOLE THE MEDAL AND PASSED IT ON TO ROWDEN. ROWDEN IN TURN MURDERED CRAYDE LEAVING THE MEDAL AND DUPLICATE LETTER ON THE TABLE TO INCRIMINATE MORGIL COMPLETELY.



DELANEY ENTERS HANDCUFFED AND DISHEVELED

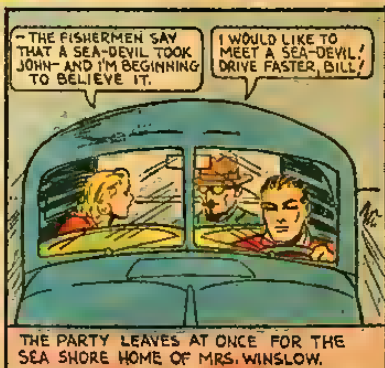
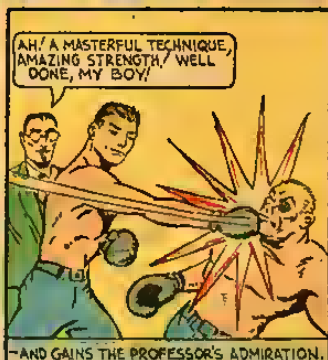
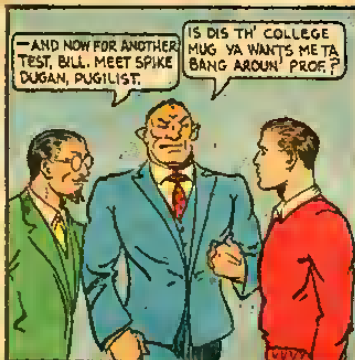
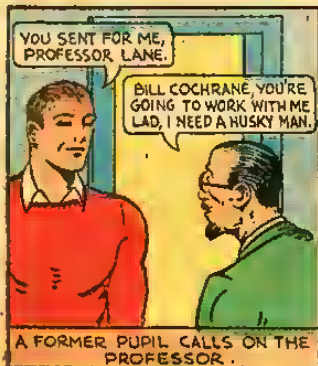


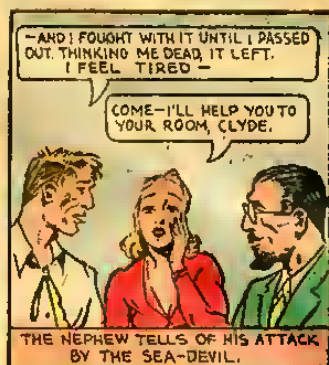
SORRY DELANEY, BUT I HAD TO DO THIS TO YOU. YOU WOULDN'T LISTEN TO ME—THAT'S WHY I RIGGED YOU UP LIKE THIS AND LEFT YOU IN THE TAXI—BUT I'VE TRAPPED A MURDERER FOR YOU—TAKE HIM ALONG.

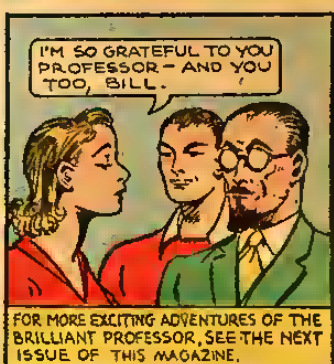
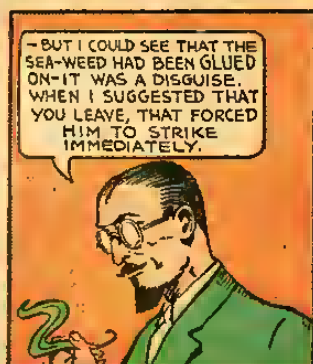
Professor LANE

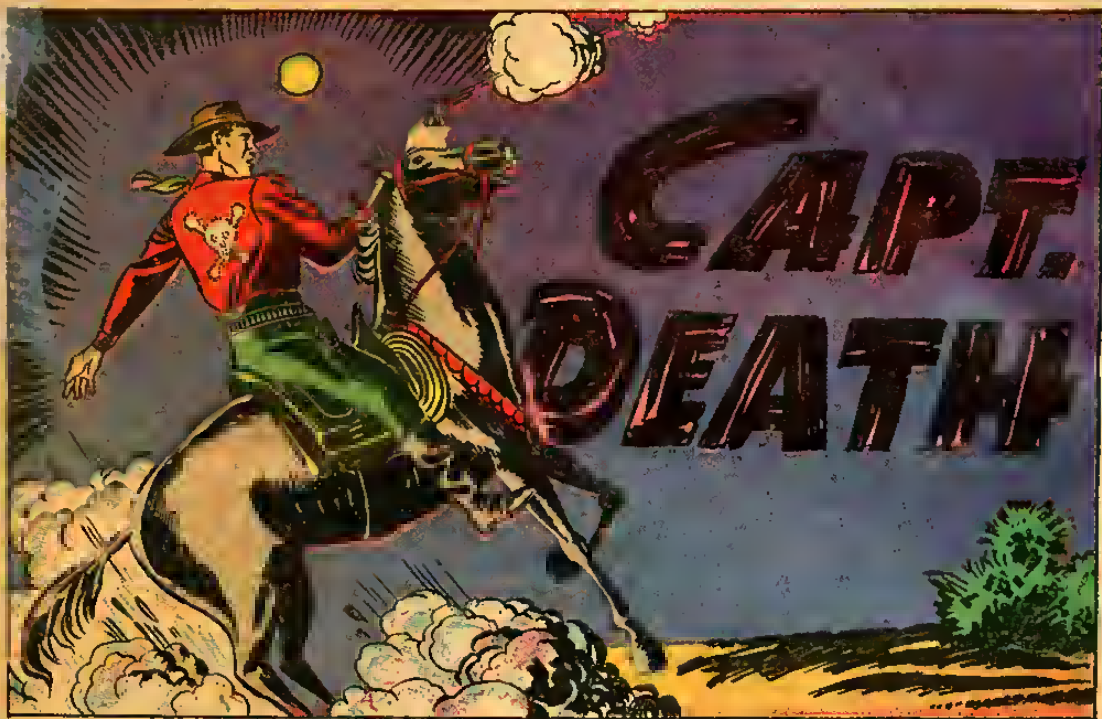
Criminologist

THE KEEN BRAIN OF THE EMINENT SCIENTIST, PROFESSOR LANE, TOGETHER WITH THE PHYSICAL STRENGTH OF HIS ASSISTANT, SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THE SEA DEVIL









RANCHERS
DRIVING
CATTLE OVER-
LAND ARE
STOPPED BY
RUSTLERS...

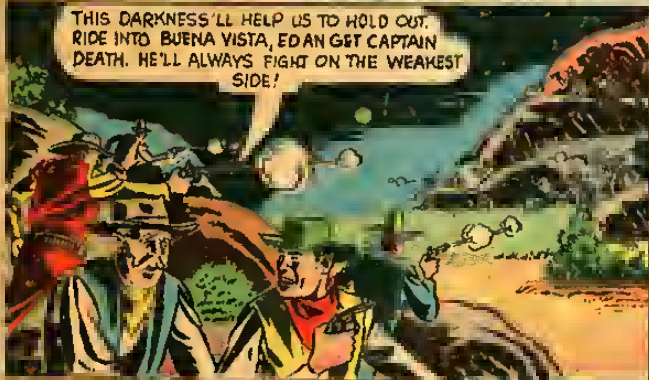
THIS HERE SPREAD IS STAKED
OFF, STRANGER. YOU GOTTA
GO THROUGH THE PASS...
UNLESS YOU WANT TO PAY A
DOLLAR A HEAD!

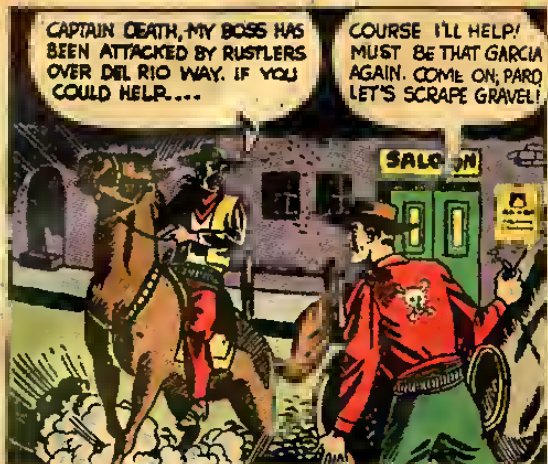


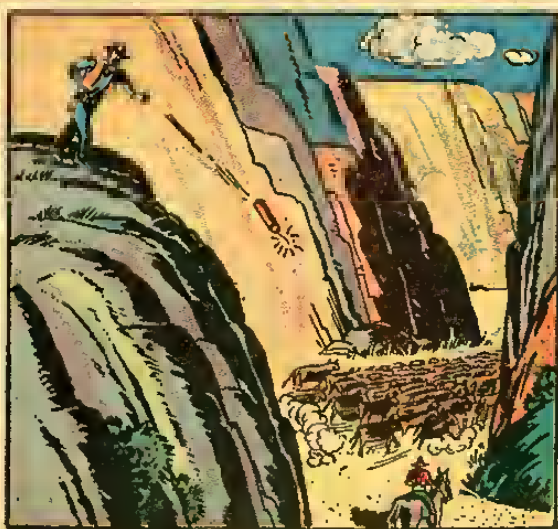
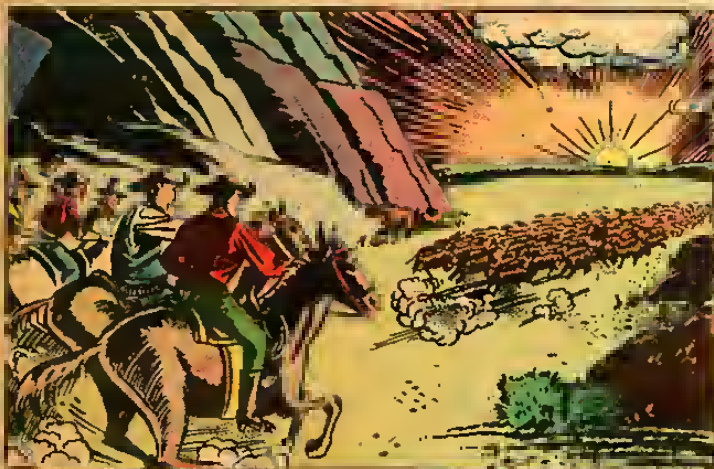
YOU DON'T OWN THIS HERE LAND, RENEGADE, AN' YOU KNOW I CAN'T DRIVE THESE
CATTLE THROUGH THAT PASS WITHOUT
LOSIN' HALF OF 'EM. ME AN' MY MEN'LL
FIGHT FIRST, YOU DANGED SIDEWINDER!



THIS DARKNESS 'LL HELP US TO HOLD OUT.
RIDE INTO BUENA VISTA, ED AN' GET CAPTAIN
DEATH. HE'LL ALWAYS FIGHT ON THE WEAKEST
SIDE!







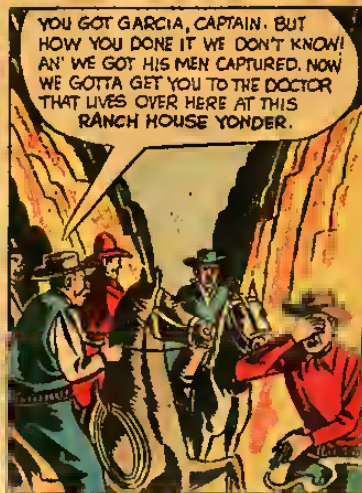


YOU HOLD OFF THEM
COWMEN, BOYS, CAPT.
DEATH AIN'T DEAD YET!
BUT HE WILL BE! I'M
SLIPPING DOWN AN'
GUNFIGHT IT OUT
WITH HIM! I'LL
SHOW HIM!

THE CHIEF
AIN'T AFERED
O' CAPT. DEATH
NOW! HE KNOWS
THE CAPT'S
BEEN BLINDED!



YOU ALWAYS RECKONED I WAS AFERED
O' YOU, HUM, CAPTAIN DEATH? WELL DRAW
YOUR GUN, YOU DANGED YALLER 'CYOTE!
FOR I'M DRAWIN' MINE RIGHT NOW!



YOU GOT GARCIA, CAPTAIN. BUT
HOW YOU DONE IT WE DON'T KNOW!
AN' WE GOT HIS MEN CAPTURED. NOW
WE GOTTA GET YOU TO THE DOCTOR
THAT LIVES OVER HERE AT THIS
RANCH HOUSE YONDER.



YOUR EYES'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN' 24
HOURS, CAPTAIN. YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO
STAY HERE IN A DARK ROOM AND KEEP
THE BANDAGES ON!



NEXT DAY...

I STILL CAN'T TELL, CAP-
TAIN. HOW YOU GOT THE
DROP ON GARCIA WHEN
YOU WAS PLUMB BUNDED!

I COULDN'T SEE HIM... BUT
I STILL COULD MAKE OUT
LIGHT! I WAITED FOR HIM TO
SWAGGER UP AN' BLOCK OUT
THE LIGHT O' THAT RISIN' SUN
, THAT GAVE ME THE RANGE
ON HIM. AN' I WHANGED
AWAY AN' PLUGGED
HIM.



PROFILE OF A GHOST

While a flick watches, shadows of death dance on a wall!

by JACK STORM

Sergeant Gene Bruce, homicide squad, looked at the old four-story walk-up and shrugged. Perhaps the tip would be a phony. There are always a number of tips concerning unsolved murders, and the three-months-old killing of old Kruger, the pawnbroker, was certainly unsolved.

Top floor, last door on the right, the man who phoned had said. Bruce transferred his service pistol from holster to side pocket. The man who murdered old Kruger would murder again, and Bruce took no chances.

He climbed the stairs, located the room and tapped on the door. It was opened instantly by a slender man, foppishly dressed. Bruce stepped into the frowzy room, looked around and made sure they were alone. Then he sat down.

"You're Lee Marlow?" he asked the slender man. "Now, what do you know about that Kruger case?"

"Everything," Marlow said. "But first of all, copper, is there a reward? I can finger the killer for you in ten seconds, but there's got to be a reward. I ain't no stool pigeon, understand, but this guy who did the job is getting dangerous."

"Five hundred dollars," Bruce offered. "That's the standing reward to be paid when the murderer is convicted. Come on—where is he?"

Marlow walked over to the one window in the room, raised the curtain and pointed across an alley strung with innumerable clotheslines. He indicated a window, in a rooming house, directly opposite and one floor down.

"The guy who did it lives there. He's an ex-con. How do I know? Because he keeps me awake nights yelling Kruger's name like he's been seeing the ghost of the guy he bumped off. When you take him, be careful. I think he's gone whacky!"

Bruce took Marlow's arm and led him out of the building. They entered the place in which the suspect lived. Bruce motioned Marlow to drop behind, then drew his gun and listened at the door for a moment or two.

He could hear someone walking up and down

the floor like a caged animal. He tried the door very gently and found it locked. He rapped on the panel, flattened himself against the wall in case the suspect began shooting through the door, and waited until he heard the key turn.

The moment the door opened, he hurled himself at it and threw the man behind it back on his heels.

Bruce had a momentary glimpse of the suspect, saw a man of moderate build, with harrowed eyes and sunken cheeks. Then the picture exploded in a wild, attacking lunge.

Bruce had been prepared for such a move, but it came with incredible swiftness. The man forced him aside, darted into the hallway and headed toward the stairs. He saw Marlow, the informer, standing there, mistook him for another detective, and wheeled to streak for a window that overlooked a fire escape.

It was wide open and he went through it like an eel. When Bruce reached the fire escape, the killer was already climbing onto the roof.

Bruce went after him swiftly. He poked his head over the edge of the roof and saw his man stymied by the ten-foot space between buildings.

As Bruce stepped onto the roof, gun in hand, the killer saw him, uttered a piercing yell and charged straight into the muzzle of the detective's gun. Bruce could have shot him down, but something made him hold his fire.

When the killer got close enough, he unwound a long, looping right which Bruce ducked easily. Then Bruce closed in, swung a short chopping right and caught his man on the point of the jaw.

The killer's head snapped back, he reeled a few paces, and then collapsed. He wasn't unconscious, but he seemed to be thoroughly whipped.

"All right," he half moaned. "I surrender. I admit I killed the old man. Anything is better than living as I have since I murdered him. The electric chair will look good to me!"

Bruce snapped handcuffs around the unresist-

ing wrists, hauled his prisoner to his feet and rapidly searched him. He found no weapon and no money.

"Let's have the whole story," he suggested. "How long you been out of prison?"

"Six months. My name is Johnny Craig. I served two years for stealing money from my employer. When I came out, old Kruger offered me a job. I worked hard and everything was fine, until I found out Kruger's pawnbroker business was just a blind for a big fencing business.

"I knew I'd be sent back to serve the rest of my term if I was caught, so I tried to quit. Then he told me I'd been delivering hot stuff all over town, and that they'd tack twenty more years on my term if I squealed.

"He wouldn't let me quit. I wanted to go straight, but I couldn't. You don't know what kind of trouble an ex-con can get into."

"Sure, I do," Bruce said. "But no matter what Kruger did to you, it was no reason why you should have killed him. A prison rap isn't as bad as the chair."

Craig nodded glumly. "I know. I killed him in self-defense, although I don't expect anybody to believe that. He started to push me around, so I hit him. He pulled a knife and tried to stab me. I got the knife away from him. Then he tried to get a gun out of a drawer.

"I threw the knife at him, and I guess I'm a pretty good knife-thrower, because he fell on his face with the knife under him. I saw blood seeping out and I knew he was dead. I ran away."

Bruce frowned. "Not a convincing yarn, Craig. Now, what made you say you'd rather go to the chair than keep on living?"

Craig shivered violently. "I . . . I can't stand being alone! All I see is Kruger's shadow on the wall! He sits in a chair, and I can see his profile just as clear. If you knew him, you'd realize I couldn't be mistaken—that hooked nose of his, that jutting chin,

"Oh, it's Kruger, all right. It appears on my wall nights, stays there about five minutes and then fades away. It's driving me mad!"

Bruce watched his prisoner narrowly, as they made their way back to his room. This man was desperate and frightened enough to take a dry dive off the roof, if he got a chance. Marlow was waiting for them in the hallway.

"Was I right?" he asked, with a sardonic grin.

"You were right," Bruce answered. "About everything. I'm going to have Craig re-enact the scene at Kruger's place, and I need a witness. You come along, Marlow."

Bruce propped himself against the edge of the dead pawnbroker's desk. He looked at Marlow.

"You tell me how Craig has been acting," he suggested. "When did you first hear him rave?"

Marlow shrugged. "About three or four weeks ago. It started around midnight and kept on for maybe an hour. He kept yelling Kruger's name, and that's how I knew he was the killer.

He must be balmy, thinking he sees a ghost. conscience, I call it."

Bruce rubbed his chin. He wondered where Craig had developed that idea of seeing old Kruger's shadow seated in his big chair. Perhaps, immediately after the murder, Kruger's form had thrown just such a shadow. He decided to experiment.

He changed Craig's handcuffs to go around a steam pipe, turned on a desk lamp which threw a weak yellow light over the room, and then extinguished the overhead lights.

There were shadows, dozens of them, but none clearly etched on the wall. The curtain over the window was drawn down to its full length. Bruce walked over and raised it high.

He looked out into a dismal alley, with more of those inevitable clotheslines strung between the buildings. He heard a startled gasp of horror, turned swiftly, and saw Marlow pointing toward the wall.

Now, there was a shadow sharply outlined. The silhouette of a man's head. The nose was hooked, the chin pointed and protruding. It seemed to be moving, as though a slight breeze fanned it into life.

Craig saw it and his eyes were round in terror. Marlow was slowly backing away, his shaking finger pointed toward the weird shadow. He was trying to talk, but his lips moved sluggishly and no words came from a throat paralyzed in horror.

Bruce felt some of that terror, too. Here, in a room where a man had met violent death, the dead man's own shadow was returning to haunt his murderer. Bruce's right hand rested on the butt of his holstered gun, as though he expected the shadow to suddenly materialize into more substantial form.

Then Marlow found his voice and uttered a long, piercing wail. "Make him go away!" he shrieked. "Make him go!"

Bruce wet his dry lips. "Marlow," he said curtly, "you've brought this on yourself. That's Kruger's ghost, all right, but he's not looking at Craig. He's looking at you! You killed him!"

"Yes . . . yes, I killed him," Marlow wailed. "I admit it, but get me out of here. Get me out, or I'll go crazy! Look—he's moving! It's growing bigger! He's coming for me! Copper, do something! Don't let him get me!"

Bruce moved over to Craig's side and quickly removed the handcuffs. He approached Marlow, but something snapped in the foppishly dressed killer's brain. He whirled on the detective.

One hand streaked toward a shoulder-holstered gun, swept it out with the aid of a spring that snapped the weapon into his fist. The gun shook badly, but Marlow was too close to miss.

"You did this," he yelled. "You did it! There's one of those old projection machines outside some place. It throws this shadow. It's a trick! There ain't no ghosts! You'll find out, copper, in a minute. I'm letting you have it! Craig, too! I'll say he carried this rod and killed you. Then



you bumped him as you died. It's all a trick. There ain't no ghosts!"

"Marlow," Bruce snapped, "listen to me! You murdered Kruger. He's come back to haunt you. You intend to murder Craig and me. Then there will be *three* ghosts! You'll go mad!"

"This is no trick. There is no projection machine planted anywhere. How could there be, when I didn't even know I was coming here? How could I have set a trap?"

"It's your conscience, Marlow. The same kind of a conscience you said Craig had. His was based on the fact that he *thought* he killed Kruger. Yours is real because you *know* you killed him. Look out the window, if you don't believe me. You won't see the ray of a projection machine."

Marlow screamed in terror. Then his ratty little brain warned him to finish this fast. He turned, bringing up his gun as he did so. But Bruce's own weapon was in his fist now. Marlow shouted a curse and squeezed the trigger.

The two explosions blended into one, but Marlow's bullet went far wide of its mark, for something came whizzing toward him—a heavy paperweight. Bruce's bullet plowed through his arm. The gun fell from paralyzed fingers.

Marlow reeled back a few steps and then fell heavily, landing on top of the paperweight.

Bruce grabbed his extended hands and linked the wrists with steel.

"Thanks, Craig, for throwing that paperweight," he said. "Come over here and have a look. See how Marlow fell on top of the weight? That's exactly what happened to Kruger. The knife you threw hit him—cut him, too—but it came far from killing him.

"He recovered after you left, got up and sat down in that chair. Marlow must have been in the store and saw it all. He's a rat and a crook, probably sold Kruger plenty of stuff. He knew the old man was reputed to have a fortune in the safe.

"Kruger maybe opened the safe, getting ready to run for it in case you went to the cops. Marlow entered the room, found Kruger sitting in the chair, with the knife on the floor. He picked up the knife, killed Kruger and robbed the safe.

"He knew you worked for Kruger, and you thought you'd killed him. He waited, awhile before he decided to make you confess. If we convicted you of the murder, we'd stop looking for the real killer, and Marlow would be safe for life then. But he slipped.

"First of all, he lived in a dump and yet he had plenty of money, from the sale of the stuff he stole from Kruger. I checked up on him before I came down. He lived in that cheap joint so he could scare you into a confession. Then the profiles you saw were all of Kruger sitting in his big chair.

"Marlow left Kruger dead in the chair. That's how we found him. Your story didn't jibe, and I suspected Marlow. We never gave out the information that Kruger was in the chair. Marlow created those profiles and made them look like Kruger as he last saw him."

"But those profiles on the wall," Craig gasped, "they were real! I tell you I saw them!"

Bruce hoisted his prisoner up and dumped him into Kruger's chair. "Sure you did! Marlow told us how he did it, when he suspected I'd pulled a similar trick on him. With a projection machine he threw a silhouette from his room across the alley and through your window. That was the ghost who haunted you."

"But this . . . this shadow?" Craig pointed to the still swaying silhouette. "If you didn't project it, how is it there?"

Bruce shook his head slowly from side to side. "Outside the window there's some kid's kite caught on one of the clotheslines. It's torn, and the shadow it casts looks like a silhouette of Kruger. Not too clearly, but enough to make Marlow break down. Ghosts? There's no such animal, Craig!"

Craig was looking out the window. "Maybe," he admitted slowly. "Maybe you're right, but something must have caused that kite to hang there and be torn like it is. I'm not afraid any more, officer. Let's go!"

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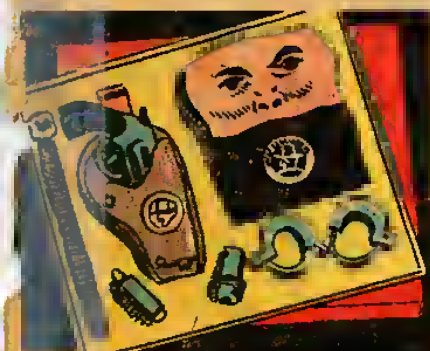
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